

CONTACT

NO. 2

10¢

COMICS



2004

The GOLDEN EAGLE



ZOOMING OUT OF THE SKIES TO AID IN OUR BATTLES OVER THE PACIFIC COMES THE GOLDEN EAGLE, AND HIS POWERFUL FEATHERED PAL, FREEDOM, AS THEY MEET THE ZOMBIE DOCTOR

R. DALAIS

AN AMERICAN BASE HEADQUARTERS, SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC--

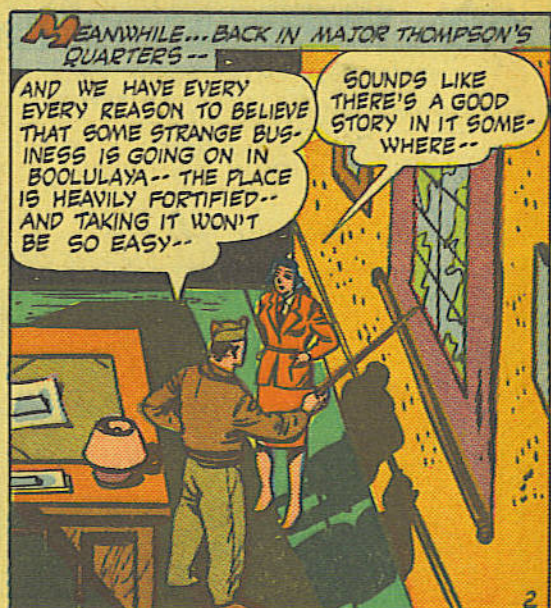
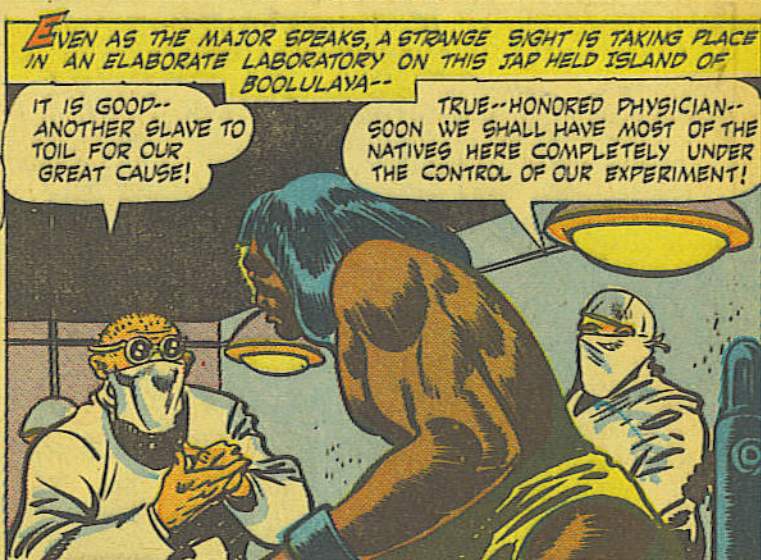
THIS IS RIDICULOUS-- THE IDEA OF SENDING A WOMAN CORRESPONDENT DOWN HERE TO REPORT THE PROGRESS OF AMERICAN ADVANCES!

IT IS SLIGHTLY IRREGULAR, MAJOR THOMPSON-- BUT WOMEN ARE GRADUALLY REPLACING MEN-- BECAUSE OF THE WAR!

BESIDES, MAJOR-- SHE WON'T BE THE ONLY WOMAN HERE-- SEVERAL NURSES HAVE ARRIVED FROM THE STATES-- AT LEAST SHE'LL HAVE COMPANY--

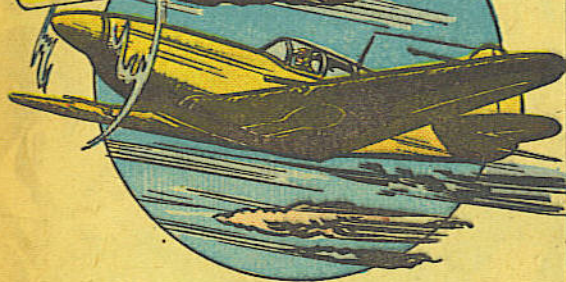
WOMEN CORRESPONDENTS IRK ME... I'VE NEVER MET ONE WHO COULD REALLY REPORT WAR NEWS--





CONTACT COMICS

THE FOLLOWING DAY...
AND A SHINY GOLDEN PLANE
WITH A SILENT MOTOR GLIDES
THROUGH THE PACIFIC SKY--



AND SITTING AT THE CONTROLS IS THE FAMOUS
ACE OF WORLD WAR I, DENNIS QUINN AND HIS
NEW FOUND FRIEND... FREEDOM!

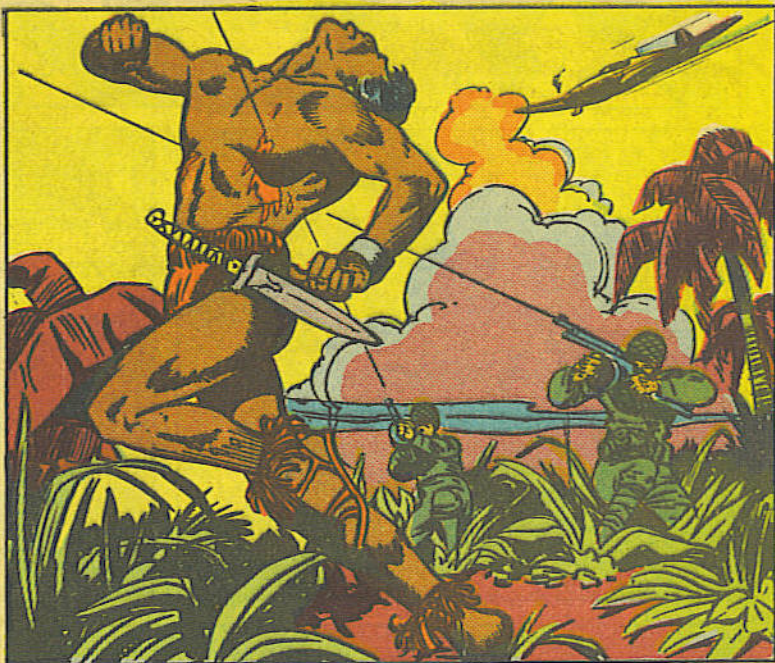
NOT MUCH DOING
AROUND HERE, FREE-
DOM... I GUESS THE
NIPS HAVE-- WAIT
A MINUTE--
WHAT'S THAT?



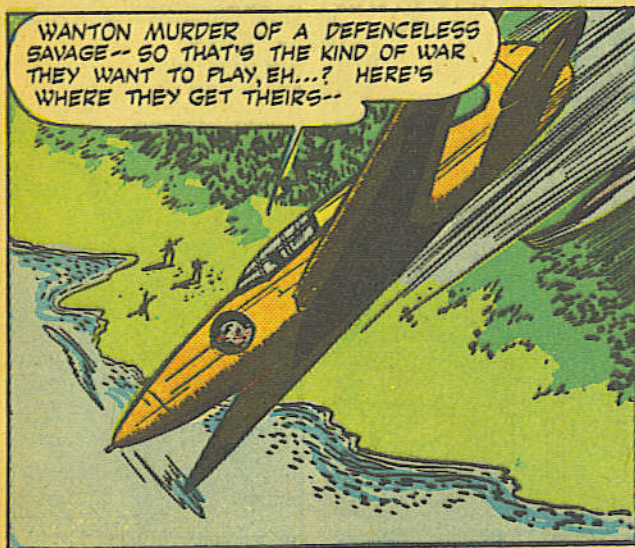
THE EAGLE-LIKE EYES OF THE
MAN IN THE GOLDEN FLYING
SUIT, PICK OUT OF THE JUNGLE
THE FORMS OF RUNNING FIGURES

STOP!
STOP OR
WE
SHOOT!

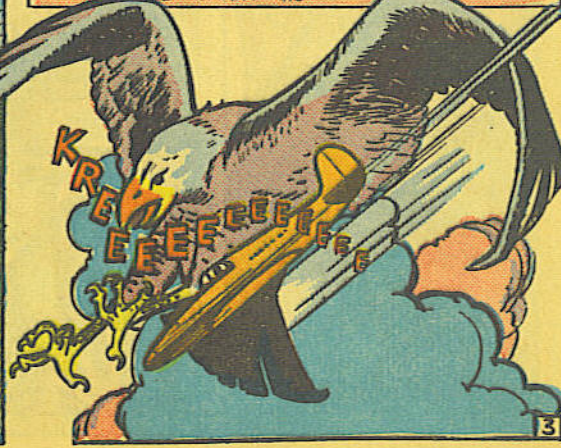
HE'S GETTING
AWAY--
KILL HIM!



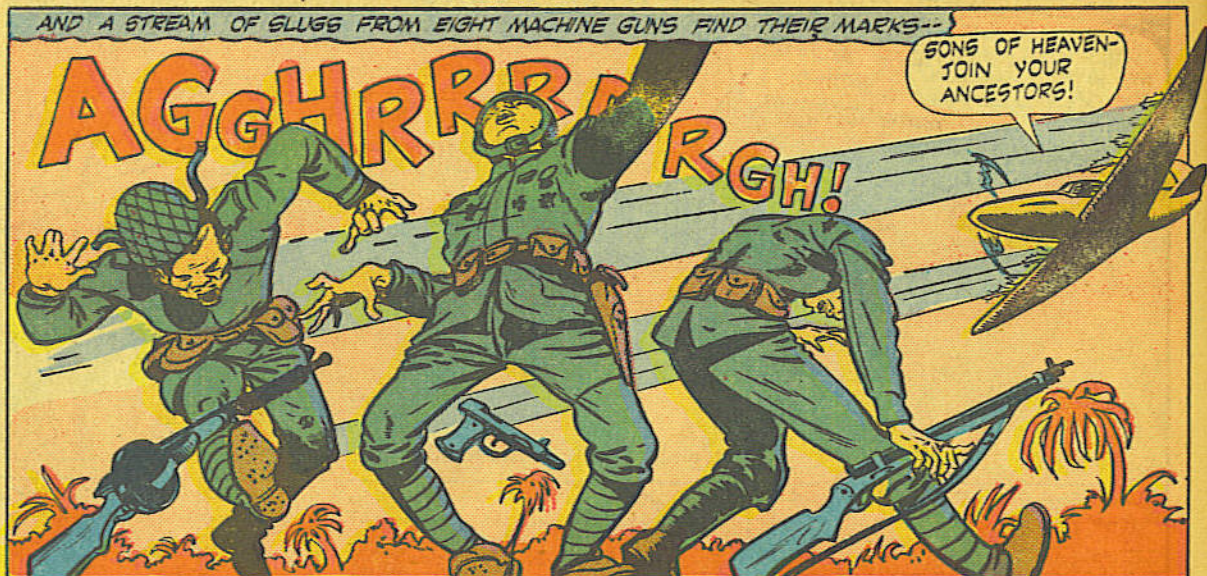
WANTON MURDER OF A DEFENCELESS
SAVAGE-- SO THAT'S THE KIND OF WAR
THEY WANT TO PLAY, EH...? HERE'S
WHERE THEY GET THEIRS--



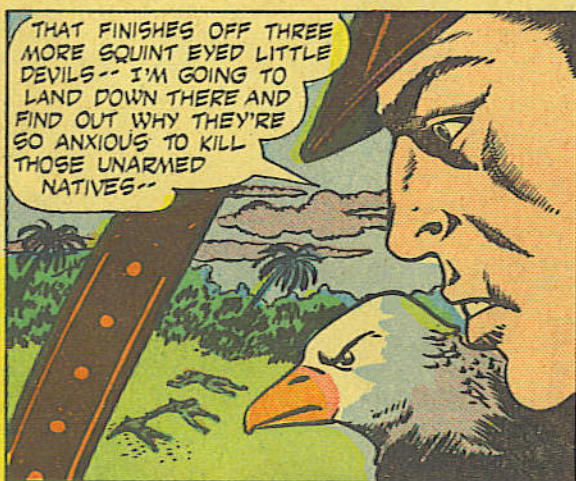
A FLICK OF A SWITCH AND THE POWERFUL
MOTORS HURL THE DAZZLING PLANE DOWN
OUT OF THE BLUE... AND A FAMILIAR CRY RINGS
OUT IN THE WARM AIR--



AND A STREAM OF SLUGS FROM EIGHT MACHINE GUNS FIND THEIR MARKS--

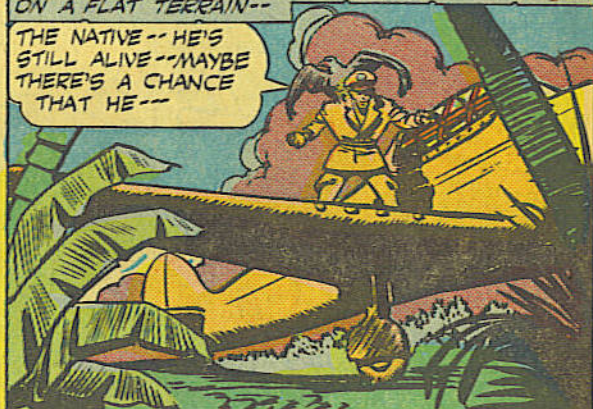


THAT FINISHES OFF THREE MORE SQUINT EYED LITTLE DEVILS-- I'M GOING TO LAND DOWN THERE AND FIND OUT WHY THEY'RE SO ANXIOUS TO KILL THOSE UNARMED NATIVES--



MINUTES LATER, UNDER SKILLFULL MANIPULATION THE GOLDEN PLANE IS BROUGHT SAFELY TO REST ON A FLAT TERRAIN--

THE NATIVE-- HE'S STILL ALIVE--MAYBE THERE'S A CHANCE THAT HE--



JAPANESE CAPTURED US-- PUT NEEDLES IN US-- MAKE US LIKE DEAD.... CALL US ZOMBIES--MAKE US WORK FOR-- UGH-H-H-H-H-H



DEAD! GOOD HEAVENS...! WHAT ARE THESE LITTLE BROWN DEVILS UP TO NOW? WHAT DID HE MEAN BY ZOMBIES--- AND NEEDLES--



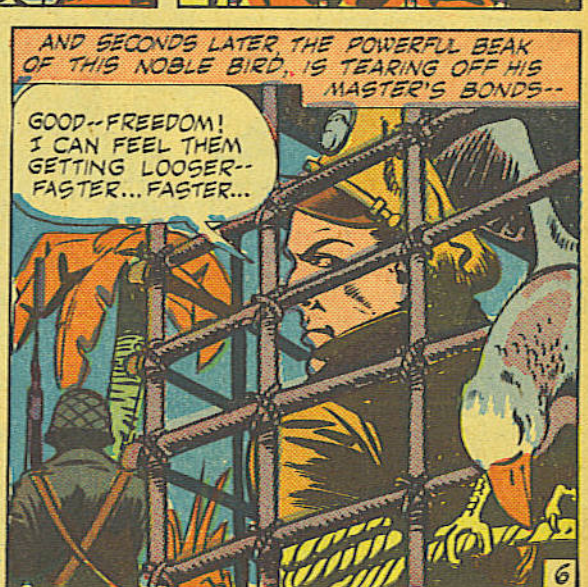
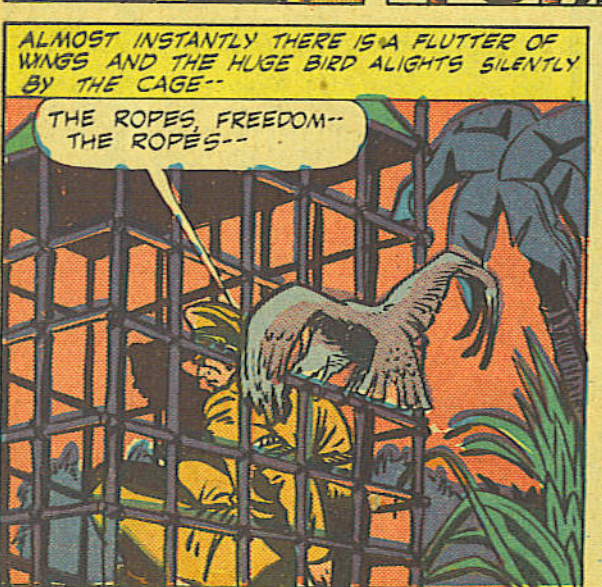
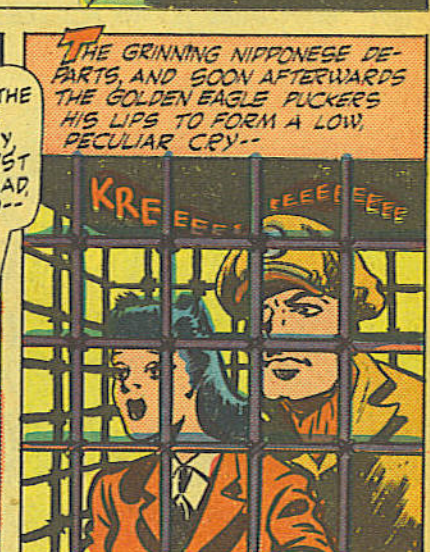
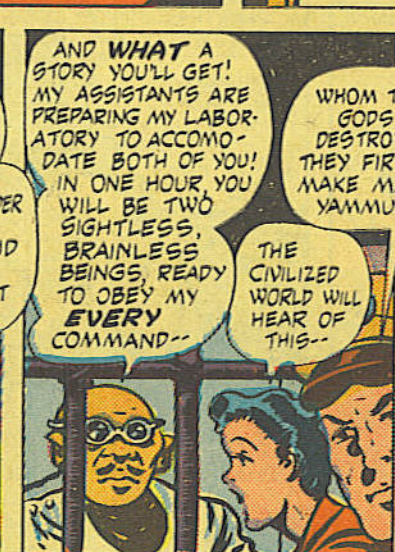
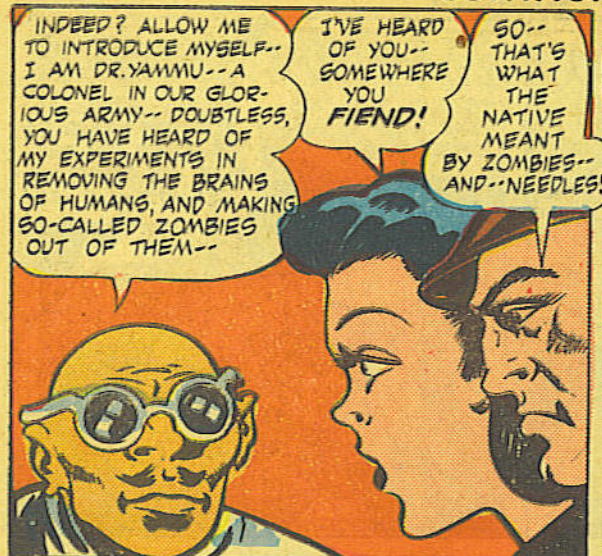
SUDDENLY THERE IS A WARNING CRY FROM FREEDOM--



CONTACT COMICS



CONTACT COMICS



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FREE OF HIS BONDS, THE GOLDEN EAGLE IS CONFRONTED BY THE MAD DOCTOR--

COME-- I WILL HAVE YOU UNTIED! BE READY TO MEET YOUR FATE--

YOU'RE WRONG, YAMMU--

--HERE'S WHERE YOU MEET YOURS

YIJI--

LEAD US OUT OF HERE TO MY PLANE-- OR I'LL BLOW THE TOP OF YOUR HEAD OFF--!

NO! NO-O-O! DON'T SHOOT!

HONORABLE DOCTOR IS FRIGHTENED!

THEIR HERO, REDUCED TO A SWEATING CRINGING MASS IS THE OBJECT OF RIDICULE AMONG THE NIP SOLDIERS--

HIM NOT BRAVE-- HIM AFRAID!

HIM-- COWARD!

I'M WARNING ALL OF YOU-- NO FUNNY BUSINESS--

YES-- HE IS A COWARD-- HE'S BRAVE AS LONG AS THE PEOPLE HE HURTS ARE HELPLESS AND CAN'T FIGHT BACK-- GET IN, YAMMU!!

ME--GO! ME GO!

AND BEFORE THE EYES OF THE ASTONISHED SOLDIERS, THE GOLDEN PLANE STREAKS INTO THE SKY--

ONE IN GOLD-- HIM BRAVE--

WHAT TO DO? NO COMMANDER!

WELL, THE TAKING OF BOOLULAYA WAS A CINCH WHEN WE FOUND OUT THAT THE OFFICERS AND MEN WERE HELPLESS BECAUSE THEIR DR. YAMMU WAS OUR PRISONER-- BUT I'LL HAVE TO REPRIMAND YOU OFFICIALLY FOR THIS-- YOU HAD NO BUSINESS GOING THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE--

I'M SORRY, MAJOR THOMPSON, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO REPRIMAND THE GOLDEN EAGLE TOO-- DENNIS-- THAT IS, THE GOLDEN EAGLE, HAD NO BUSINESS BEING THERE EITHER. BUT LOOK WHAT HAPPENED-- ANOTHER VICTORY FOR US!!

The End

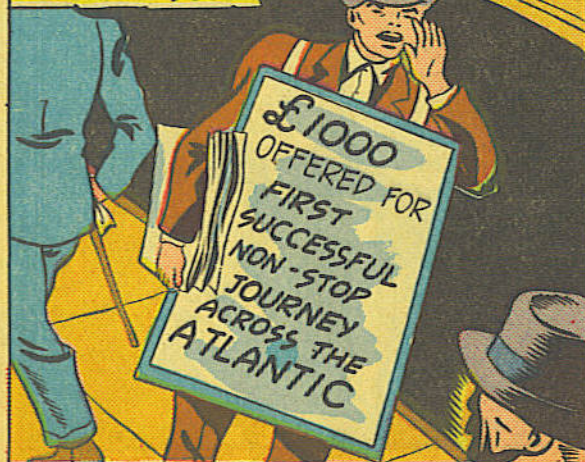
CONQUERORS OF THE Seas

THE STORY OF...
TRANS-OCEANIC
AIRCRAFT

SINCE PLANES FIRST
TOOK TO THE AIR,
MEN HAVE GIVEN
TIME...AND EVEN
THEIR LIVES... TO AID
IN THE DEVELOPMENT
OF TRANS-OCEAN FLIGHT.
TODAY IT IS THESE VIS-
IONARIES, WHOM WE
HAVE TO THANK FOR
THE SKYLINERS THAT
DAILY STREAK ACROSS
THE SEVEN SEAS--



TO SPUR INTEREST IN OCEANIC FLIGHT, THE
'LONDON DAILY MAIL' MAKES A SENSATIONAL
OFFER IN 1900...



INITIAL ATTEMPTS TO WIN THE PRIZE END IN
DISASTER-- BUT AFTER WORLD WAR I, IN
NEWFOUNDLAND, FORMER R.A.F. COMMANDER,
LT. JOHN ALCOCK AND WHITTEN BROWN, READY
A BOMBING PLANE FOR A HOP ACROSS THE
SEA--

ALL SET, JOHN?

SURE THING, WHIT--
MAYBE WE CAN TAKE
OFF TOMORROW!



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THE FOLLOWING MORNING--JUNE 13, 1919.

LUCK'S SURE AGAINST US TODAY--

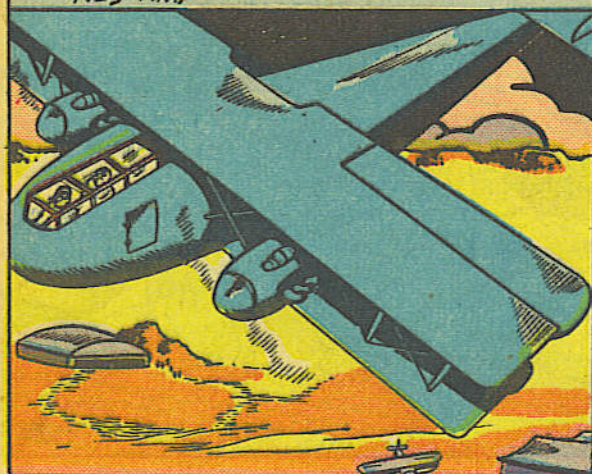
YES...WITH THIS GALE AND FOG WE'D CRASH ON THE TAKE-OFF!

WHAT! THE WIND'S SHIFTED! IT'S BLOWING TOWARDS IRELAND!

AND THE FOG'S LIFTING-- WE CAN HOP OFF--



WITH ALCOCK AS PILOT, AND BROWN AS NAVIGATOR, THE PLANE SHOVS OFF AT 4:25 P.M.--

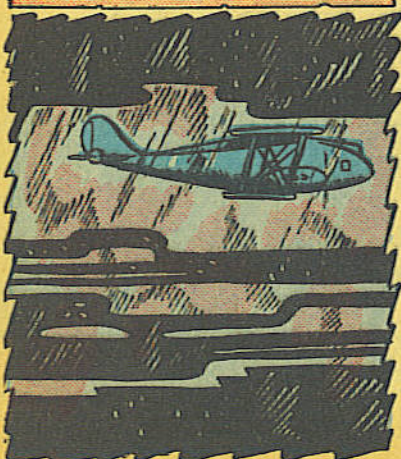


HOW ARE WE DOING, JOHN?

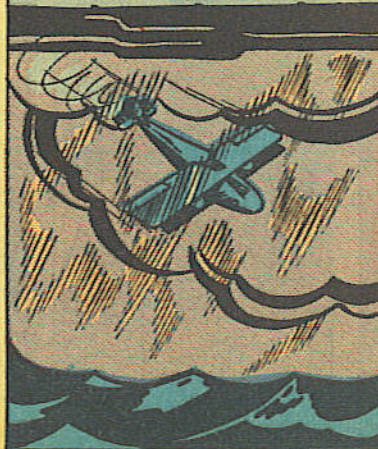
SPLENDIDLY... WE SHOULD MAKE IT IN 16 HOURS--



SOON...SLEET AND HAIL COAT THE PLANE WITH ICE AS THE SHIP FIGHTS ITS WAY THROUGH THE DENSE CLOUDS--



THE PLANE GOES INTO AN ABRUPT SPIRAL-- ALMOST PLUNGING INTO THE SEA!



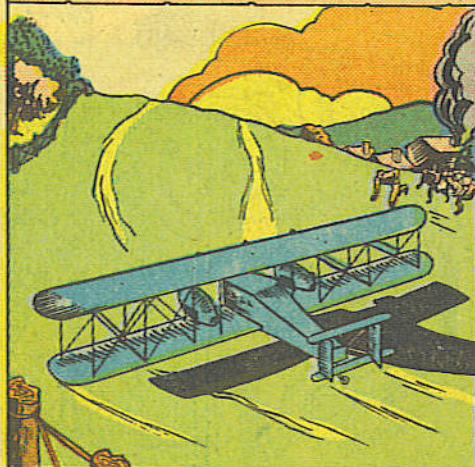
AFTER BEATING THROUGH BRUTAL WEATHER---

WE SHOULD BE NEARING LAND--!

JOHN! WE'VE MADE IT! THERE'S THE COAST OF IRELAND!



AT 8:25 A.M. ALCOCK AND BROWN LAND IN IRELAND, HAVING COVERED 1,951 MILES IN 15 HOURS AND 57 MIN.



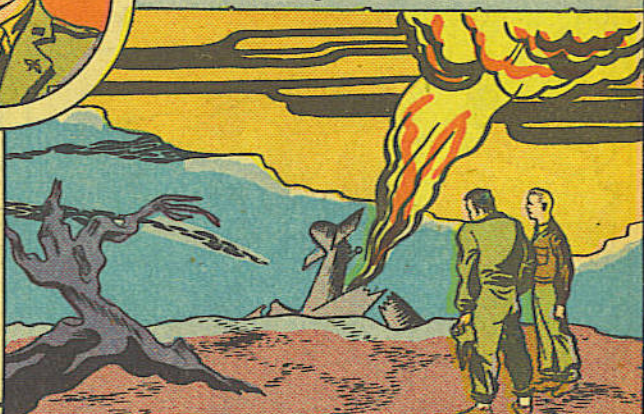
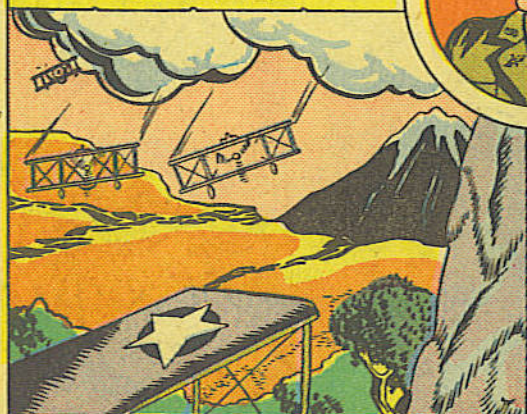
DURING THE SAME YEAR, TAKING THE SOUTHERN ROUTE, LT. COMMANDER A.C. READ, OF THE U.S. NAVY, IS FIRST TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC, FLYING 4,250 MILES IN 55 HOURS AND 34 MINUTES--IN THE HYDROPLANE, NC-4--



FOUR U.S. ARMY PLANES HEADED BY MAJOR F.L. MARTIN LEAVE SEATTLE, WASH., APR. 4, 1924, ON THE FIRST ROUND-- OF THE WORLD FLIGHT!



MARTIN'S PLANE CRASHES IN THE WILDS OF ALASKA -- BUT THE OTHER 3 SHIPS TRAVEL 2,600 MILES, RETURNING TO SAN DIEGO ON SEPT. 22, AFTER ENCIRCLING THE GLOBE--



THEN--ON MAY 9, 1926, LT. COMM. RICHARD E. BYRD AND HIS PILOT FLOYD BENNET, ARE FIRST TO FLY OVER THE NORTH POLE

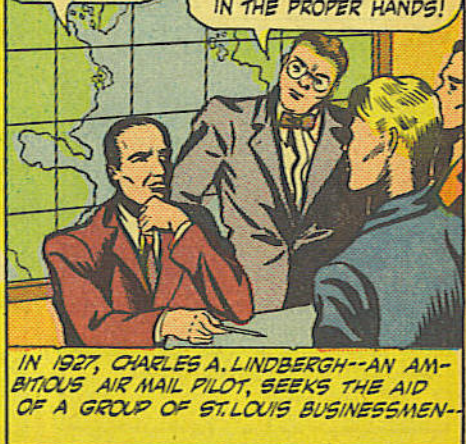


BYRD DROPS A FLAG OVER THE POLE, CLAIMING THE TERRITORY FOR THE UNITED STATES!



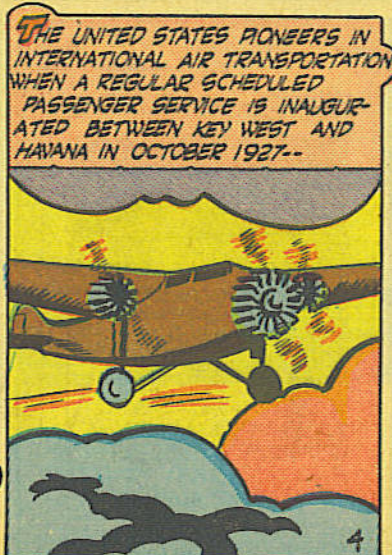
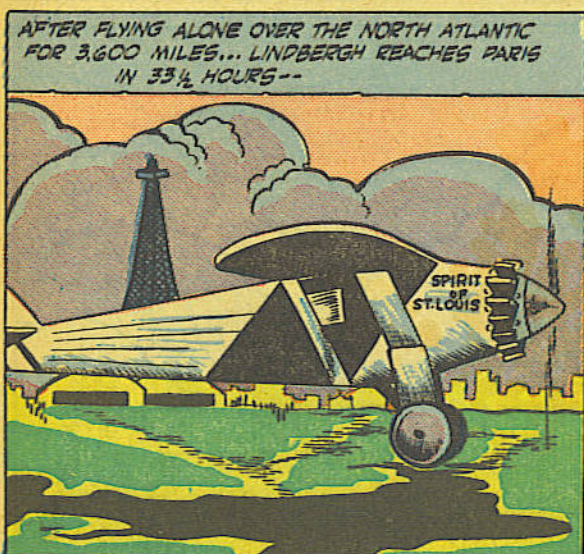
BUT, SLIM-- WHY FLY THE ATLANTIC ALONE--?

I WANT TO PROVE A PLANE CAN BE SAFE -- JUST AS SAFE AS AN AUTOMOBILE WHEN IN THE PROPER HANDS!



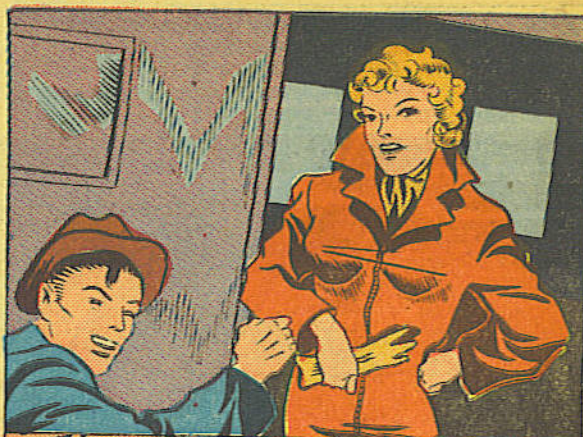
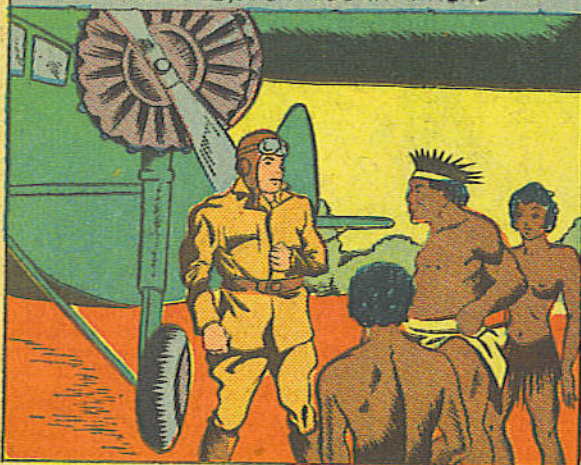
IN 1927, CHARLES A. LINDBERGH--AN AMBITIOUS AIR MAIL PILOT, SEEKS THE AID OF A GROUP OF ST. LOUIS BUSINESSMEN--

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THE BRILLIANT AUSTRALIAN PILOT C. KINGFORD SMITH SPANS THE PACIFIC IN THE SAME YEAR BY FLYING FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO BRISBANE, A DISTANCE OF 8,000 MILES IN 4 HOPS---

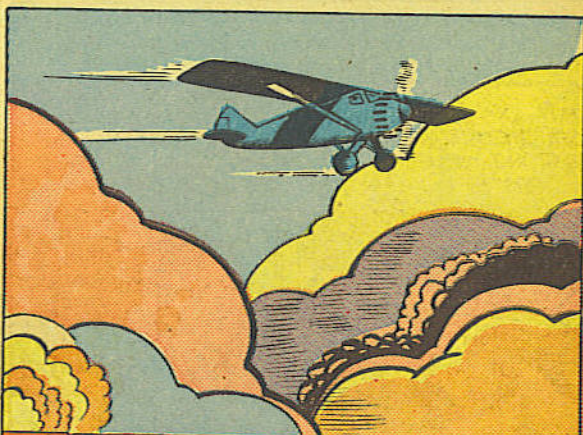
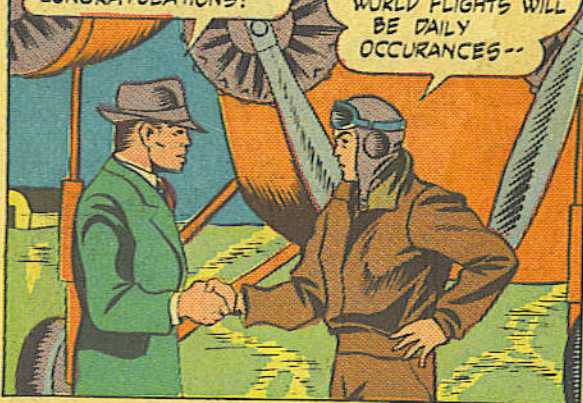


FLYING FROM NEWFOUNDLAND TO SOUTH WALES AS A PASSENGER, IN THE "FRIENDSHIP", AMELIA EARHART BECOMES THE FIRST WOMAN TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC OCEAN--

IN 1930 KINGSFORD SMITH AND CREW, LAND AT OAKLAND, CAL., COMPLETING AN 80,000 ROUND-THE-WORLD FLIGHT--

YOU'VE MADE AN AMAZING RECORD, COMMANDER-- CONGRATULATIONS!

THANK YOU, SIR-- BUT BEFORE LONG, WORLD FLIGHTS WILL BE DAILY OCCURANCES--



SMITH'S RECORD IS SHATTERED IN 1931 WHEN WILEY POST AND HAROLD GATTY FLY AROUND THE WORLD IN 8 DAYS, 15 HOURS AND 51 MINUTES--

TO ENCOURAGE INTEREST OF WOMEN IN AVIATION, AMELIA EARHART STARTS ON A SOLO FLIGHT ACROSS THE ATLANTIC FROM NEWFOUNDLAND IN 1932--

BE CAREFUL, AMELIA-- AND GOOD LUCK--!

THANKS--AND DON'T WORRY--I'LL BE IN IRELAND TOMORROW!

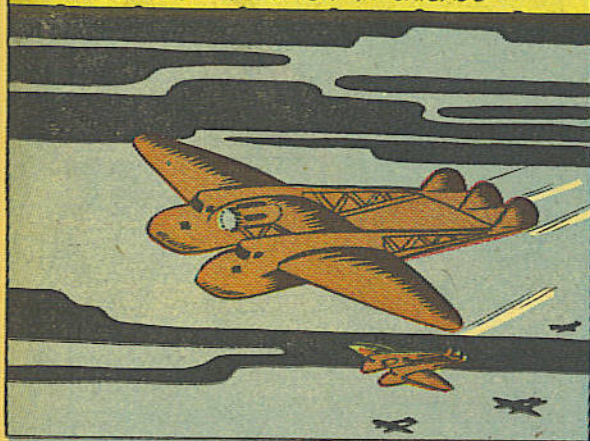


THE FOLLOWING MORNING, MISS EARHART LANDS IN LONDONDERRY, IRELAND-- THE FIRST WOMAN TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC ALONE--

IN 1933, CAPT. JAMES A. MOLLINSON COMPLETES THE FIRST WESTWARD FLIGHT ACROSS THE NORTH ATLANTIC IN THE 'HEARTS CONTENT'--



DURING THE SAME YEAR, AN ARMADA OF TEN ITALIAN PLANES COMMANDED BY GENERAL ITALO BALBO ELECTRIFIED THE WORLD WITH A NON-STOP HOP FROM ROME TO THE CENTURY OF PROGRESS EXPOSITION IN CHICAGO--



THEN CAPT. MORRISON AND HIS WIFE AMY JOHNSON, REACH CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA AFTER AN AMAZING JOURNEY OF 6,250 MILES FROM LONDON IN FOUR DAYS AND 7 HOURS.

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, WILEY POST ANNOUNCED A FANTASTIC PLAN FOR A SOLO FLIGHT AROUND THE WORLD--

BUT WHY ARE YOU DELIBERATELY FLIRTING WITH DEATH--

FOR TWO REASONS--FIRST--I WANT TO BEAT MY OWN RECORD WITH GATTY--AND SECOND-- I WANT TO TEST THE ROBOT PILOT--

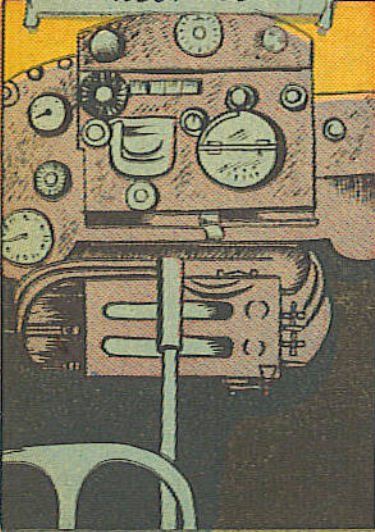


WHAT'S A ROBOT PILOT?

IT'S A NEW DEVICE WHICH ALLOWS A PLANE TO FLY ITSELF-- COME-- I'LL SHOW IT TO YOU!



THE ROBOT PILOT



SO LONG--EVERYBODY!



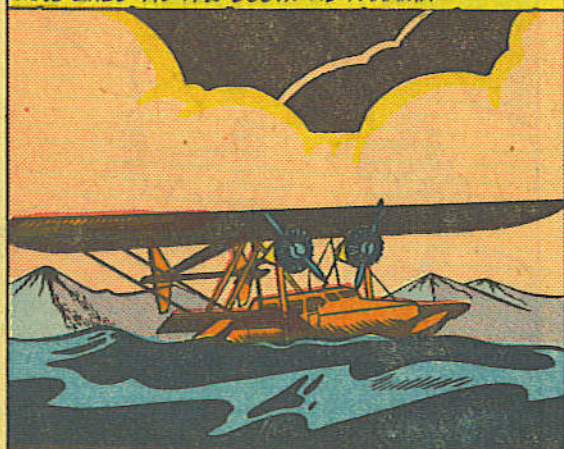
ON JULY 16, 1933, POST TAKES OFF FROM FLOYD BENNET FIELD IN NEW YORK--

EXACTLY 7 DAYS AND 18 HOURS AND 49 MINUTES LATER, POST RETURNS TO NEW YORK-- THE FIRST PERSON TO MAKE A SOLO FLIGHT AROUND THE WORLD--

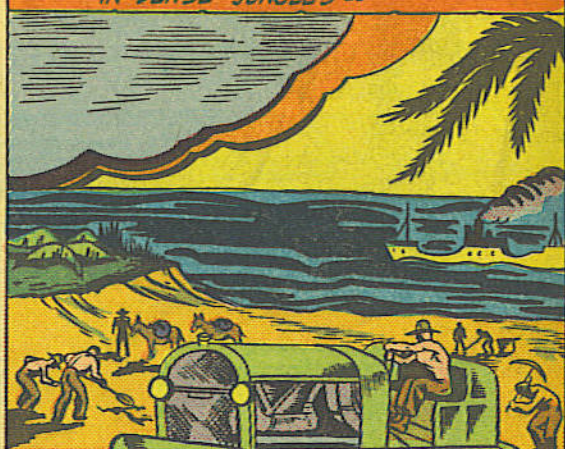


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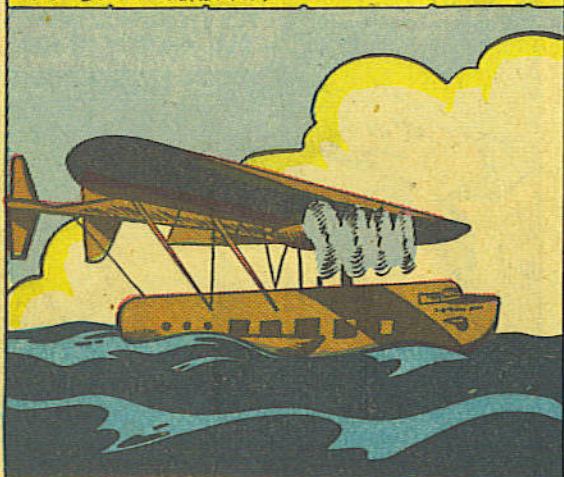
MEANWHILE--AMERICAN COMMERCIAL AIR LINES DEVELOP WITH STARTLING RAPIDITY-- AND BY 1928, ESTABLISH PASSENGER AND MAIL LINES AS FAR SOUTH AS PANAMA--



TO CREATE AN AIR NETWORK BETWEEN THE AMERICAS, ENGINEERS BLAZE TRAILS THROUGH THE WILDERNESS--HACKING OUT AIRPORTS IN DENSE JUNGLES--



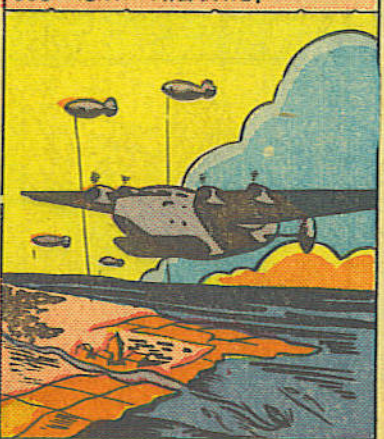
THEN....GIANT FOUR ENGED TRANSPORT PLANES BEGIN REGULAR SCHEDULES BETWEEN NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA--



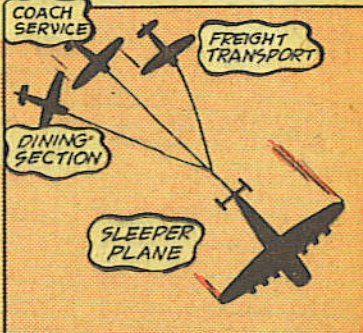
BY 1933--THE PACIFIC OCEAN HAS BEEN CONQUERED REGULARLY BETWEEN CALIFORNIA, THE PHILIPPINES, HONG-KONG, AND CHINA--



COMPLETE VICTORY OVER THE SEAS IS COMPLETED IN 1939 WHEN MAMMOTH CLIPPER PLANES BEGIN SERVICE ACROSS THE TREACHEROUS NORTH ATLANTIC!

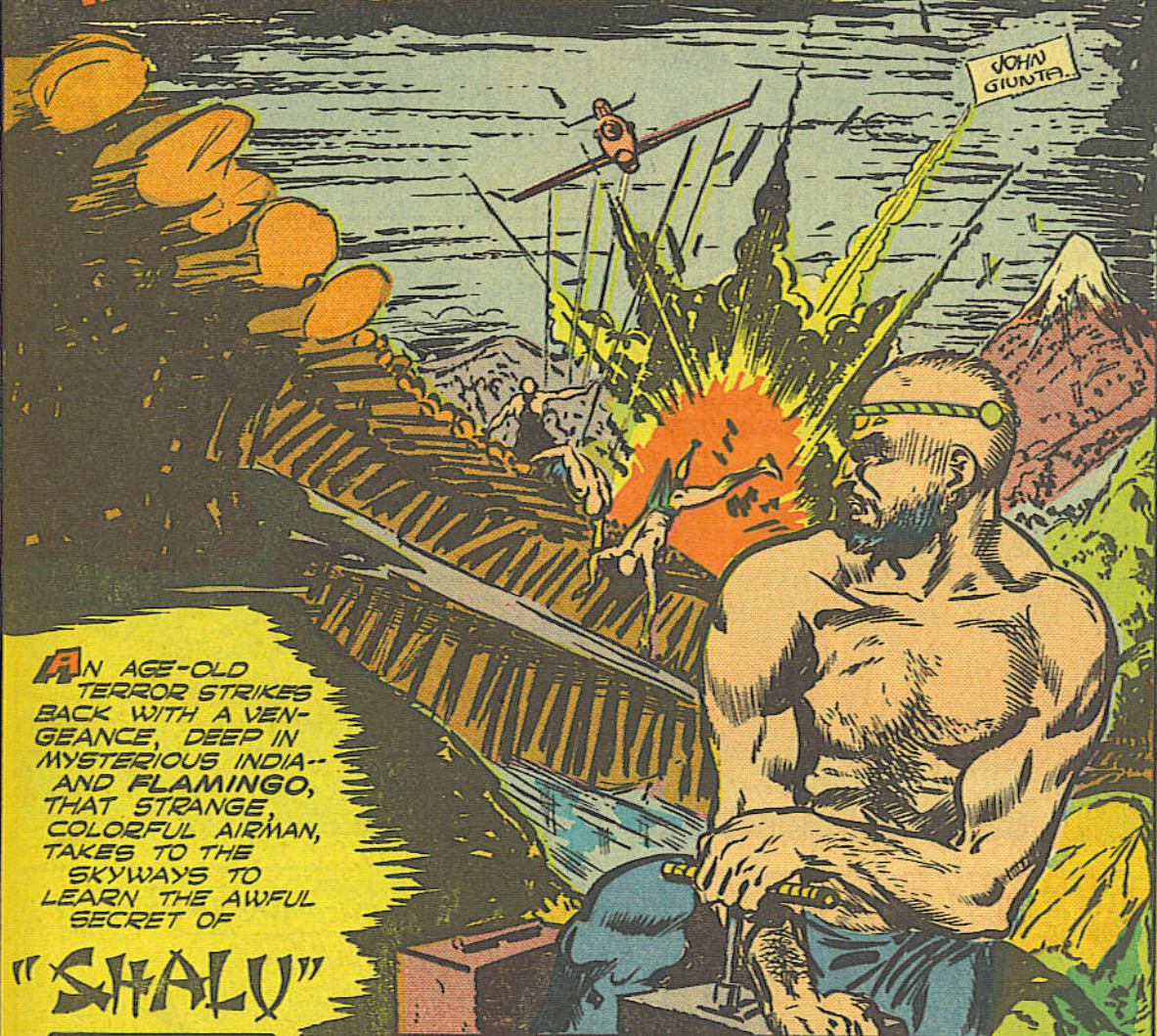


TODAY--TRANS-OCEAN PLANES ARE INVALUABLE IN THE WAR EFFORT, SPEEDILY RUSHING MEN AND MATERIAL TO VITAL BATTLE AREAS--



TOMORROW--NEW AND GREATER TRANSPORTS WILL BECOME A REALITY--THESE HUGE AIR BIRDS WILL CARRY VAST AMOUNTS OF FREIGHT, AND THOUSANDS OF PASSENGERS AROUND THE WORLD IN COMPARATIVE SAFETY--AND AT A MINIMUM OF EXPENSE!!

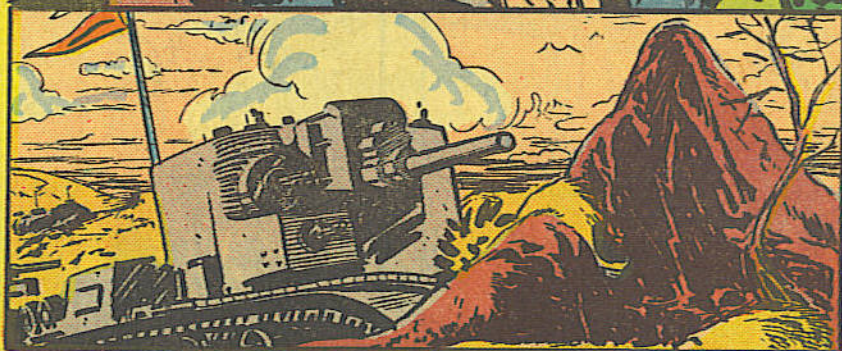
FLAMINGO

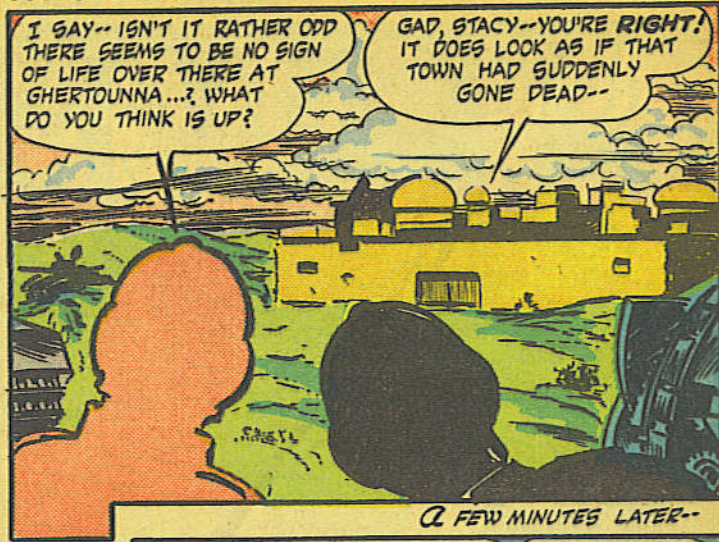


AN AGE-OLD
TERROR STRIKES
BACK WITH A VEN-
GEANCE, DEEP IN
MYSTERIOUS INDIA--
AND FLAMINGO,
THAT STRANGE,
COLORFUL AIRMAN,
TAKES TO THE
SKYWAYS TO
LEARN THE AWFUL
SECRET OF

"SHALU"

MORNING--
SOMEWHERE
IN INDIA...
A DETACHMENT
OF BRITISH
MOTORIZED
TROOPS MOVE
FORWARD
ON
PATROL DUTY...



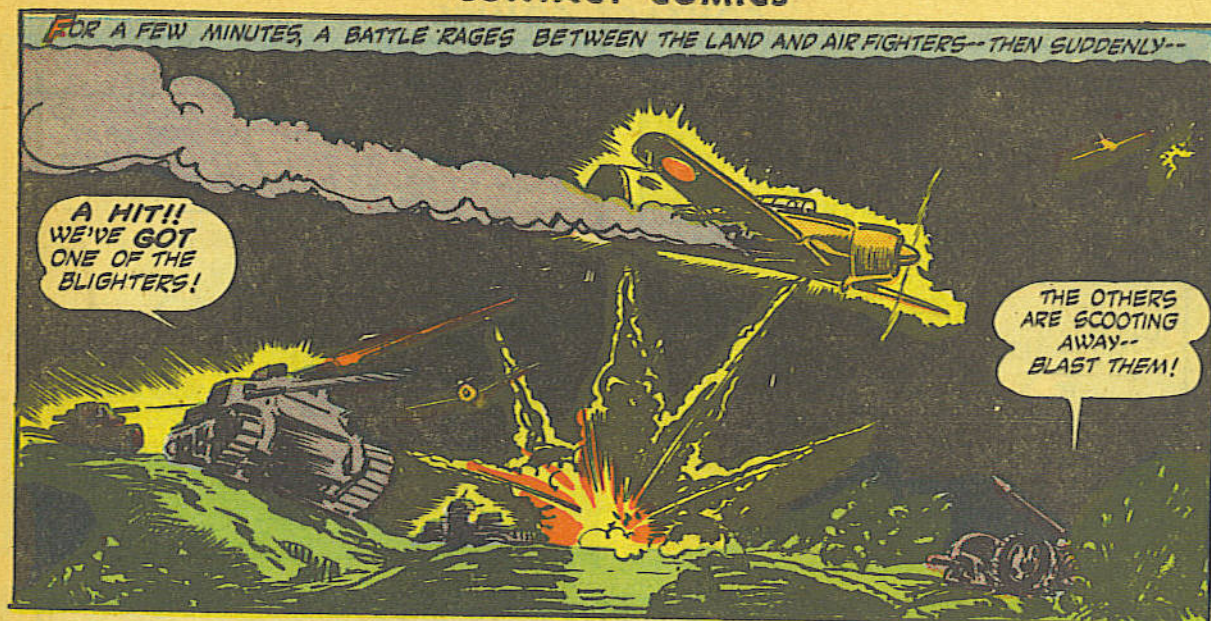


A FEW MINUTES LATER--



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FOR A FEW MINUTES, A BATTLE RAGES BETWEEN THE LAND AND AIR FIGHTERS--THEN SUDDENLY--



A HIT!!
WE'VE GOT
ONE OF THE
BLIGHTERS!

THE OTHERS
ARE SCOOTING
AWAY--
BLAST THEM!

LATER } ESTABLISH RADIO CONTACT WITH G.H.Q.
I WILL INFORM THEM OF ALL THIS--
WE MUST RECEIVE WORD
FROM MILITARY INTELLIGENCE
BEFORE WE PROCEED--

RIGHTO, SIR!
HERE COMES
A CORPORAL
WITH A REPORT OF
THE ZERO WE SHOT
DOWN--



NO! IT CAN'T BE!!
THUGS!! DON'T TELL
ME THEY'VE COME
BACK--!

THE PILOT IS ONE OF 'EM ALL
RIGHT, SIR-- HE'S DEAD-- BUT A
RIGHT NASTY LOOKIN' BLOKE, SIR!

CAN'T YOU SEE, CAPT-
AIN, HOW IT ALL TIES
IN? THIS VILLAGE--
EVERYONE DEAD--THE
RETURN OF THE
PLANES--



YES-- BUT THEY
WERE FLYING JAP
PLANES--HOW ON
EARTH DID THEY
COME TO HAVE
THEM...?

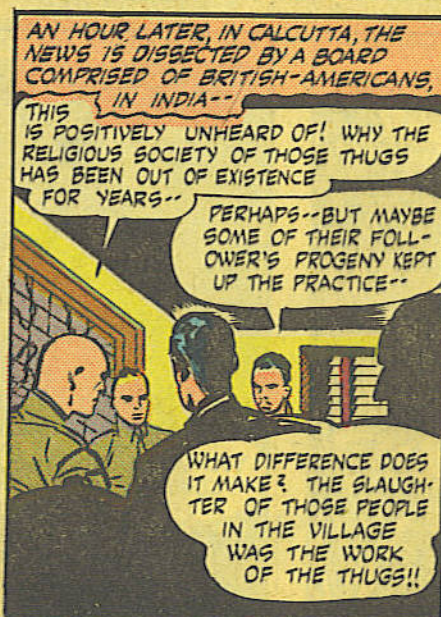
YOU'RE RIGHT,
CAPTAIN--
THIS IS A
JOB FOR MIL-
ITARY INTELLI-
GENCE TO TACKLE
RIGHT AWAY--



AN HOUR LATER, IN CALCUTTA, THE
NEWS IS DISSECTED BY A BOARD
COMPRISED OF BRITISH-AMERICANS,
IN INDIA--

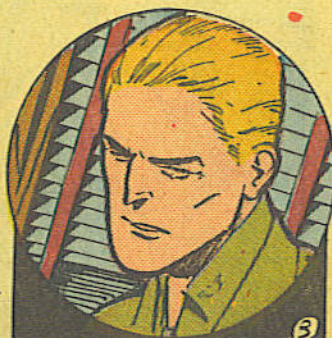
THIS
IS POSITIVELY UNHEARD OF! WHY THE
RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF THOSE THUGS
HAS BEEN OUT OF EXISTENCE
FOR YEARS--

PERHAPS--BUT MAYBE
SOME OF THEIR FOLL-
OWER'S PROGENY KEPT
UP THE PRACTICE--



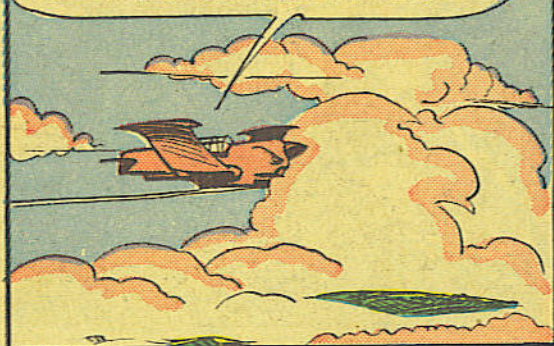
WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES
IT MAKE? THE SLAUGH-
TER OF THOSE PEOPLE
IN THE VILLAGE
WAS THE WORK
OF THE THUGS!!

AS A DISCUSSION
TAKES PLACE, THE KEEN
BRAIN OF COL. MOORE
WILLIAMS IS TURNING
A PLAN OVER AND OVER
IN HIS MIND--



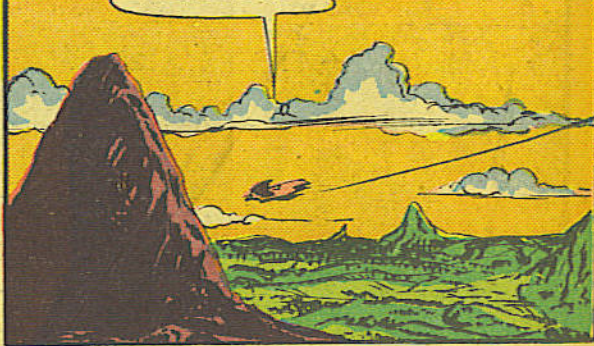
SEVERAL HOURS LATER, THE STRANGE, BEAUTIFUL MULTI-COLORED PLANE IS ZOOMING THROUGH THE BLUE SKIES OF INDIA....

ACCORDING TO THOSE MAPS, THE THUGS SHOULD BE HIDING OUT IN A MOUNTAIN AREA IN THE KWARRROOM TERRITORY...IDEAL FOR PLANE TAKE-OFFS..IF YOU HAVE A CATAPULT--



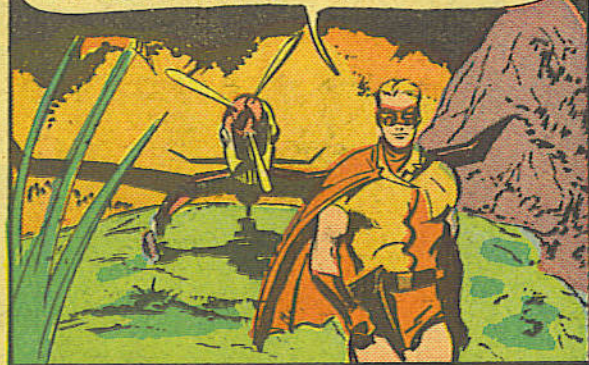
--NEW THOUGHTS RACE THROUGH FLAMINGO'S MIND AS FAST AS THE SPEED OF HIS SHIP--

-- ANOTHER HOUR GONE BY-- I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND-- WHY COULDN'T THE JAPS BE AT THE BOTTOM OF ALL THIS...? IT WOULD BE A CINCH TO DELIVER PLANES TO THIS WILDERNESS--



A PERFECT THREE POINT LANDING, AND FLAMINGO IS READY TO START HIS PRIVATE INVESTIGATING--

IF I CAN ONLY SPOT THESE THUGS, OR THEIR HIDE-AWAY, I COULD MAP OUT A BOMBING RAID, AND CLEAN THEM OFF THE FACE OF INDIA--



BUT FLAMINGO'S "PRIVATE" INVESTIGATION DOESN'T SEEM SO PRIVATE--

IT IS HE WHO FLIES GAYLY COLORED PLANE--

FLAMINGO! DO NOT KILL HIM--WE WILL TAKE HIM TO SHALU, IN TEMPLE--



STEALTHY FOOTSTEPS ARE DETECTED BY FLAMINGO'S KEEN EARS...

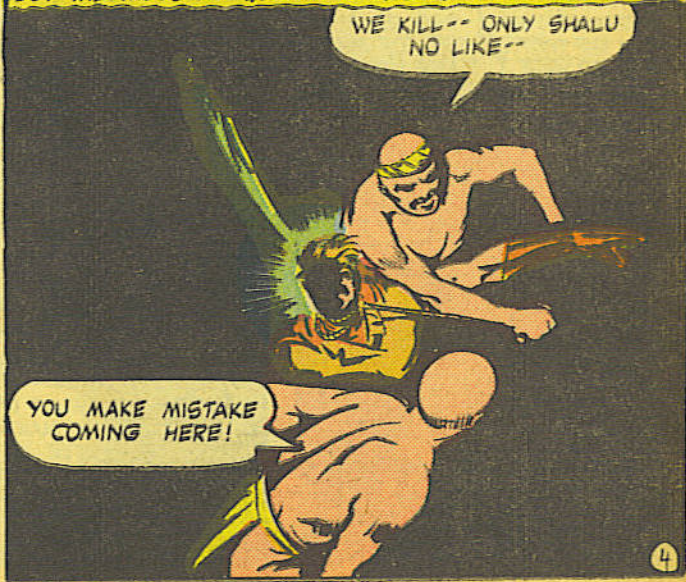
WHAT'S THAT--? AM I BEING TRAILED---?



BUT THE THUGS ARE QUICKER IN THEIR TYPE OF ATTACK--

WE KILL-- ONLY SHALU NO LIKE--

YOU MAKE MISTAKE COMING HERE!



THE WORLD GOES BLACK TO THE FIGHTING SKYMAN--AND HE IS CARRIED UNCONSCIOUS INTO THE DEEP WOODS--

HIS BRIGHT PLANE--SHALL WE DESTROY IT?

NOT YET--SHALU WILL TELL US WHAT TO DO WITH IT--



--A LONG WALK--AND THEN A CLEARING, DEEP IN A WOODLAND GLADE.

SHALU WILL DISPOSE OF HIM IN SOME UNIQUE FASHION!

SHALU IS MIGHTY!



DOWN LONG, DARK CORRIDORS, AND THEN FLAMINGO COMES TO HIS SENSES, BEFORE THE MIGHTY SHALU!

SO--YOU ARE THE GREAT FLAMINGO I HAVE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

INNOCENT PEOPLE HAVE BEEN SLAIN--IT IS SAID TO BE THE WORK OF THUGS--THAT'S WHY I'M HERE--IS IT TRUE?



IT IS TRUE--THE LOYAL JAPANESE HAVE SPONSORED OUR CAUSE ONCE MORE--THEY GIVE US SWIFT PLANES, AND TRAIN US FOR OUR WORK OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION!

IS THAT SO...? WELL--HERE'S WHERE YOU GET A LITTLE TASTE OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION--



FOOL! HOW DARE YOU DEFILE THIS TEMPLE OF WORSHIP!

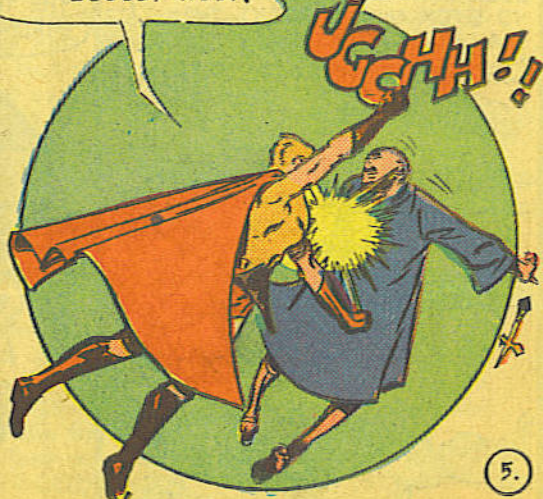


WORSHIP--? YOU CALL DEATH A THING OF WORSHIP, YOU MURDERING SWINE--

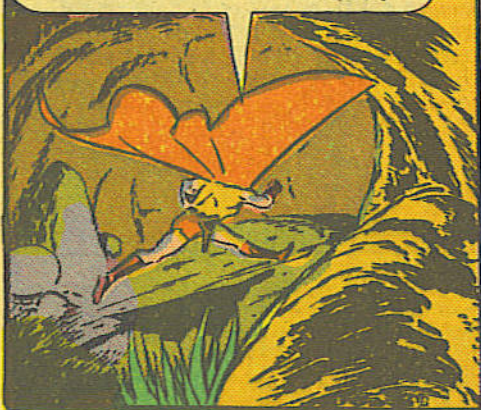
WE ARE MANY--SOON MY GUARDS WILL COME--



THINK THAT OVER, YOU BEDSHEET BOOGEY-MAN!

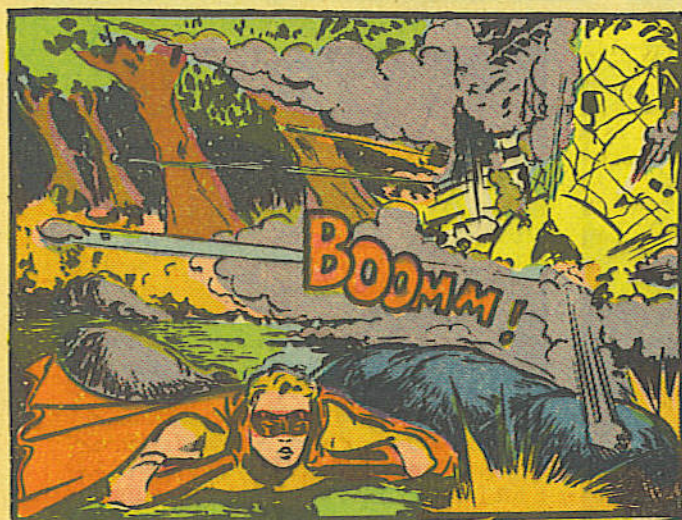
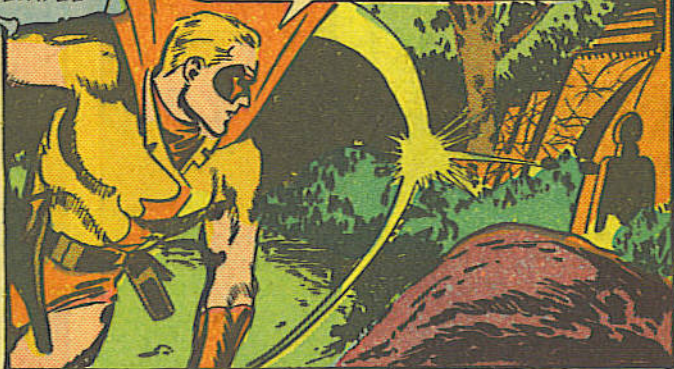


THESE GRENADES I CARRY IN MY BELT CASE ARE CERTAINLY GOING TO COME IN HANDY--**NOW!**



AND ONCE OUTSIDE THE THUG TEMPLE--

THIS WILL BE THE SHOT HEARD ROUND THE WORLD--NOW THAT I KNOW WHERE THIS PLACE IS, WE CAN HAVE A **REAL BOMBING PARTY--!**

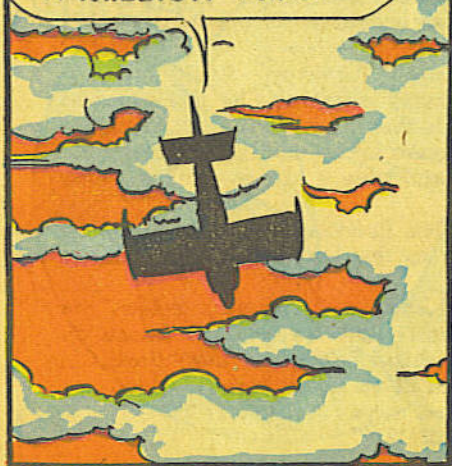


WITH THE INSTINCT OF THE BIRD WHOSE NAME HE BEARS... FLAMINGO COMES UPON HIS BELOVED BIRD--PLANE...

I'M GOING--BUT I'LL BE BACK-- WITH SOME NICE FLYING FORTRESSES FOR YOU TO MEET--



WHEW-- WAS THAT A **CLOSE SHAVE!** THEY WERE SO SURE THAT THEY HAD ME THAT THEY RELAXED THEIR VIGILANCE-- SOMETIMES A GOOD SOCK IN THE JAW DOES MORE TO STOP AN ARGUMENT THAN A **MILLION** WORDS!



THE FOLLOWING DAY AT HEADQUARTERS--

REMARKABLE FELLOW-- THAT FLAMINGO CHAP-- HE COMMUNICATED WITH MILITARY INTELLIGENCE-- AND A FLOCK OF BOMBERS WENT OUT, AND COMPLETELY ANNIHILATED THE THUG STRONGHOLD!

I WONDER WHO HE IS?

WHO KNOWS-- AND WHO CARES-- AS LONG AS HE'S HELPING TO SHORTEN THE WAR--



THE INVASION OF EUROPE IS REACHING NEW HEIGHTS OF FURY--- AND EVERY LOYAL AMERICAN IS REMINDED THAT ITS SONS AND DAUGHTERS ARE GIVING EVERYTHING THEY HAVE TO SHORTEN THIS WAR---

DO YOUR PART ON THE HOME FRONT BY THE IMMEDIATE PURCHASE OF **WAR BONDS** and **WAR STAMPS!**



Lieutenant Don Ralston could hardly believe his ears at the crisp orders coming over his earphones. Was this some Nazi trick? Was someone making a joke out of a serious situation? No . . . here it was again, repeated with that same monotonous, but forceful tone of command.

"To Lieutenant Ralston. Lieutenant Ralston . . ." the voice droned on, "Destroy Flying Fortress headed your direction . . . instruct your squadron to destroy it immediately . . . it is flying without a crew . . . crew bailed out and safe . . . destroy it before it can do any damage in this sector . . . Roger . . ."

The young officer quickly gave orders to the other pilots in his squadron. His mind was alive with strange thoughts. The war brought on many odd requests, but here was one that had him completely floored. His orders were to shoot down one of his country's own ships! The voice at the other end of the radio wasn't kidding. It was straight from G.H.Q. alright, and there was nothing phoney about it.

The squadron formed positions to await orders from its leader. "Maybe," mused Lieutenant Ralston, "they think I'm crazy, and their going to humor me . . . but orders are orders, no matter what comes or goes."

In a few minutes, his vigilance was rewarded with the sight of a lone Flying Fortress soaring in from the West at full speed and a nice high altitude. She rode high, wide and handsome, and seemed to be in perfect hands as she roared through the European skies at an easy 250 mile an hour clip.

"THAT can't be the plane," Don said to himself. "Why—this plane is going back to its base . . . anyone can see that."

His earphones crackled again. It was the voice again. It told him that the name of the ship was the "Texas Turnover," and her name was painted, big as life on her interesting nose—interesting, because, besides the name "Texas Turnover" were quite a collection of small swastikas—each one signifying that the "Texas Turnover" had done all right for itself in many hours of combat flying.

But on the ship came. And Lieutenant Ralston was forced to admit that the ship WAS the Texas Turnover and she WAS empty. . . . He quickly barked orders into his microphone, and the squadron took up their positions for

the kill.

A few seconds later, the giant Fortress was well ahead of the squadron, who hugged her tail sharply, and awaited word from their leader WHEN to give this grand old lady of the sky the final heat that would send her crashing to the ground.

The young officer was fascinated with a new sensation of bewilderment. He had heard of such things, but now, it was his unfortunate job to eliminate a part of the thing called "America" over strange lands, and in a strange sky.

His squadron was gaining on the big ship. She flew sweet and even PROUDLY in all her forlorn condition. No human manned her controls. To Ralston it seemed like a homing pigeon returning to its nest after a long and arduous journey.

But the eyes of the officer saw other things too. He noticed that in the condition the ship was in, she was a positive menace to other human beings who might be around when she finally came to her end with a horrible fantasy of crash and flames. This ship, in spite of her heroic life, would have to be destroyed so that others might live.

Yes, try as he could, he couldn't seem to give the signal to fire. To him, this great mechanical bird was a living thing that had just completed a mission, and was now proudly winging home to rest.

His thoughts were interrupted by something else—something far more important. A squadron of Nazi fighters had suddenly swung into view, and these occupied the immediate attention of everyone concerned.

But the "Texas Turnover" didn't seem to mind these enemy airmen. She just streaked along, right into their midst. And of course, the Nazis had to open up on this big helpless lumbering crate, and give it to her—with all their fire-power.

Lieutenant Don Ralston grinned as he spoke into his mike to the rest of the boys in the squadron.

"I'm glad it happened this way, fellers," he said. "I couldn't find the heart to knock off that tough old ship. Better that those Nazis did it . . . she went down every inch a fighter. . . . Here they come, guys . . . GIVE IT TO 'EM . . . AND GOOD LUCK!!"

Hey, Kids! LOOK! Here's Something NEW!

The **CONTACT** Comics

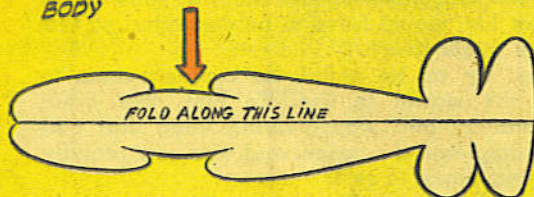
'Come-Back' Glider

IN CONSTRUCTING THE RETURNING GLIDER, CARE MUST BE EXECUTED IN CHOOSING YOUR MATERIAL. A FAVORABLE PAPER TO USE IS AN ORDINARY BOND THAT HAS SUFFICIENT BODY TO RETAIN THE FOLDS, YET NOT GO LIMP WHEN ACTING AS AIRFOILS ON A FAST FLYING PLANE---

AS TO ACTUAL CONSTRUCTION....

LAY THE PAPER TO BE USED, ON ANY FLAT SURFACE, TAKING CARE THAT NO MOISTURE IS PRESENT, AS DAMPNESS TENDS TO WARP PAPER, AND SMOOTHNESS IN AIRCRAFT SURFACES IS ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL.... NEXT, TRACE THE PATTERN THROUGH EITHER A SHEET OF TRACING PAPER PLACED OVER THE OUTLINED SCALE MODEL, OR BY PUTTING A SHEET OF CARBON TISSUE BETWEEN THE PATTERN AND THE ACTUAL CONSTRUCTION PAPER. AFTER MAKING A CAREFUL TRACING ON THE CONSTRUCTION PAPER, CUT OUT THE PATTERN, USING EITHER A VERY SHARP SCISSORS OR A RAZOR....

WHEN YOU HAVE MADE A PRECISE CUT-OUT, PROCEED TO MAKE YOUR NECESSARY FOLDS. THE FIRST CREASE TO BE MADE IS ALONG THE CENTER SECTION OF THE BODY



FOLDING THE FUSELAGE INTO ONE PIECE, LIKE THIS--



NEXT, YOU MAKE THE TAIL SURFACE FOLD-- AND HERE IS WHERE THE SUCCESS OR FAILURE OF THE PLANE LIES.

IN MAKING MY MODEL I FOUND THROUGH EXTENSIVE TESTING THAT THE MOST SATISFACTORY ANGLE OF THE FOLD SHOULD BE ON A LINE FOLLOWING THE SWEEP OF THE FUSELAGE THUS



AFTER MAKING THIS FOLD, PUSH THE TAIL SURFACE BACK TO AN ANGLE APPROXIMATELY LIKE THIS

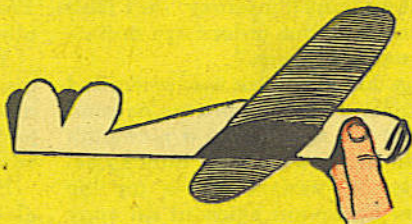
YOU CAN ALTERNATE THIS SLIGHTLY, AS THE CASE MAYBE.



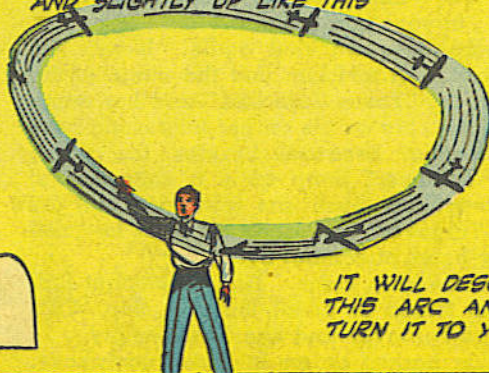
THE FINAL STEP IN ASSEMBLY IS FITTING THE WING; THIS IS DONE MERELY BY FITTING THE WING INTO THE SLOTTED SURFACE OF THE BODY

THUS LOCKING THE TWO PIECES TOGETHER. A FINAL ADJUSTMENT IS MADE BY TURNING THE RUDDER SLIGHTLY TOWARDS THE LEFT SIDE OF THE PLANE. THIS WILL ASSURE THE RETURN OF THE MODEL ON A GRACEFUL ARC...

AS FOR THE METHOD OF FLYING -- ATTACH AN ORDINARY PAPER CLIP TO THE NOSE OF THE PLANE, THEN HOLD THE SHIP LIGHTLY IN THE DIAGRAMMED POSITION...



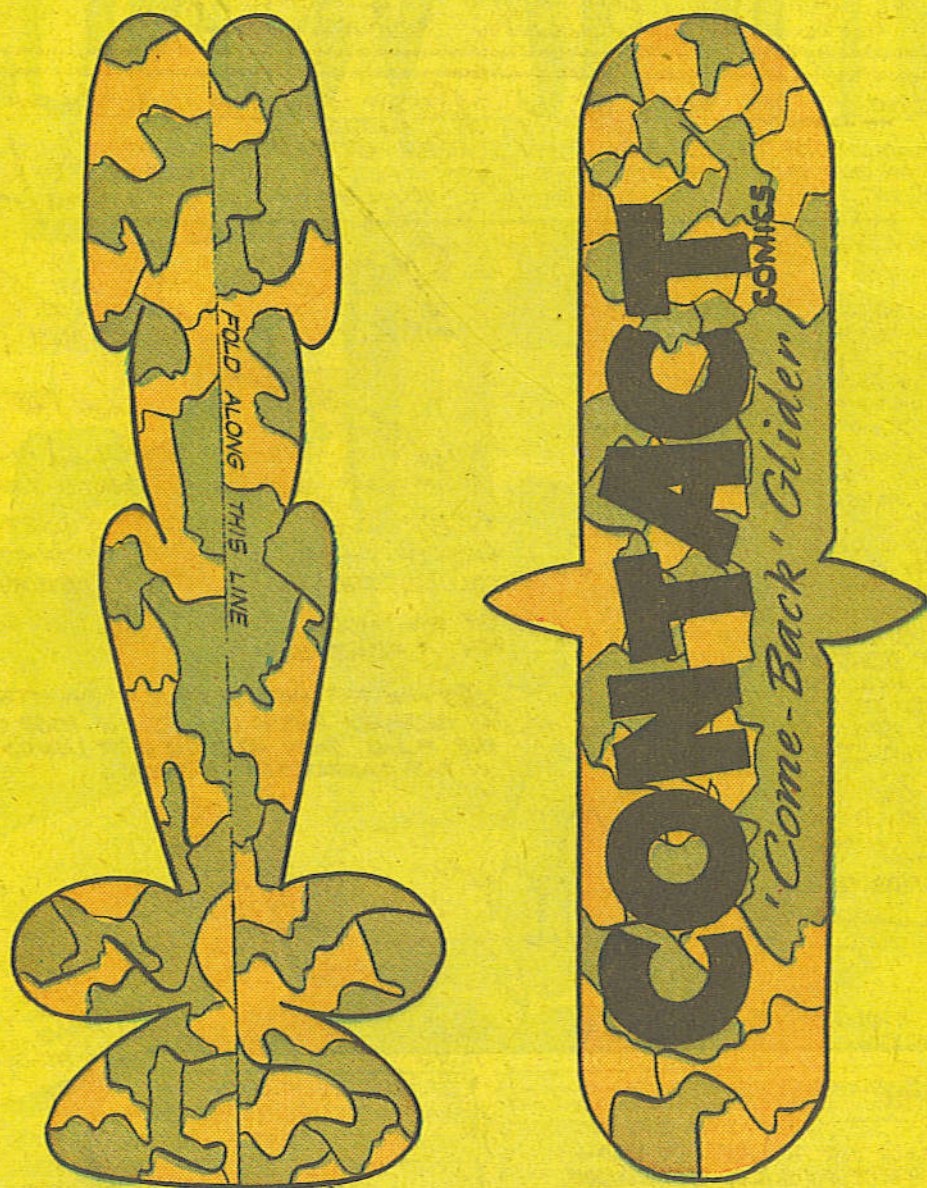
DESCRIBE AN ARC IN RELEASING THE PLANE, THROWING IT ACROSS THE BODY, AND SLIGHTLY UP LIKE THIS



IT WILL DESCRIBE THIS ARC AND RETURN IT TO YOU.

CONTACT COMICS

IMPORTANT! DON'T ATTEMPT TO CUT THIS MODEL OUT AND TO FLY IT--THE PAPER USED IN THIS COMIC MAGAZINE IS NOT SUITABLE! CAREFULLY CUT THE PAGE OUT, AND PASTE IT ON A HEAVIER PIECE OF PAPER, SUCH AS STATIONERY OR HEAVY WRAPPING PAPER... THEN, CUT OUT THE PLANE WITH A PAIR OF SCISSORS OR A RAZOR BLADE---



THIS SIMPLE FLYING GLIDER WILL GIVE YOU HOURS OF FUN, AS YOU LEARN TO CONTROL ITS FLIGHT WITH EASE--EXPERIMENT WITH THE TAIL, UNTIL YOU ARE ABLE TO MAKE THE CONTACT COMICS "COME-BACK" GLIDER DO ANY KIND OF "STUNT FLYING" YOU WANT--WRITE US AND TELL US HOW YOU MADE OUT WITH THIS CUTOUT--

ADDRESS: AVIATION PRESS, INC.,
80 EAST 42ND ST.,
NEW YORK, 17, N. Y.



P.S. DON'T FORGET THE PAPER CLIP IN THE NOSE OF THE GLIDER!

BLACK VENUS

SINGLED OUT BY THE JAPANESE HIGH COMMAND, TO BE REMOVED FROM THE SOUTH PACIFIC THEATRE OF WAR, **BLACK VENUS** IS UP AGAINST A GROUP OF VICIOUS, VILE FANATICS-- WILL SHE ESCAPE...? OR WILL THIS BRAVE GIRL BE SACRIFICED TO THE FLAG OF THE RISING SUN...?



UPON RECEIVING THE ABOVE MESSAGE-----

IT IS AN HONOR TO BE
CHOSEN FOR THIS ASSIGN-
MENT, HONORED COLONEL!

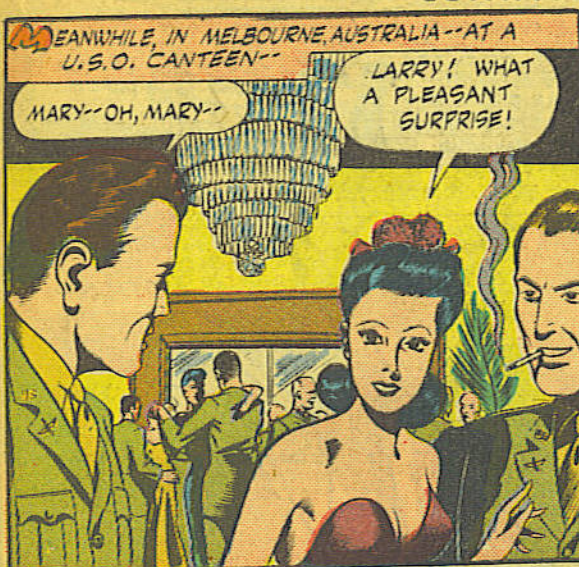
I AM GLAD, LIEUTENANT,
THAT YOU UNDERSTAND--
BE SEATED--ALL OF YOU!

OF COURSE, GENTLEMEN-- THIS
ASSIGNMENT IS NO EASY ONE--
THE DANGER IS OBVIOUS-- BUT AN
ORDER MUST BE OBEYED-- NOW
LET US DISCUSS THE PLAN OF
OPERATION AGAINST THIS WOMAN!

WE LISTEN
MOST EAGERLY!

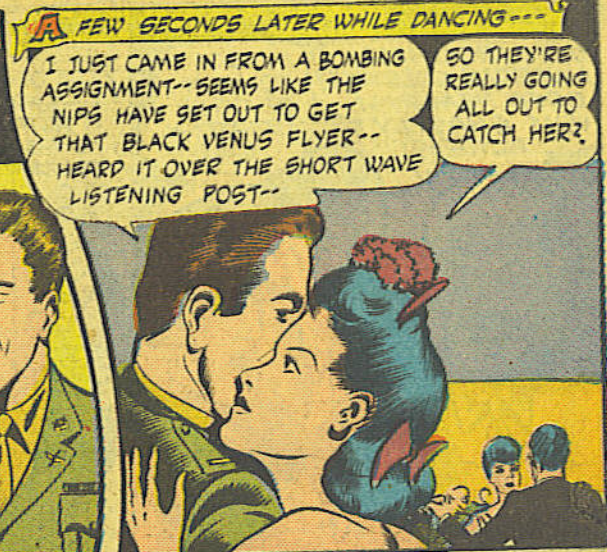


CONTACT COMICS



MARY--OH, MARY--

LARRY! WHAT A PLEASANT SURPRISE!



I JUST CAME IN FROM A BOMBING ASSIGNMENT--SEEMS LIKE THE NIPS HAVE SET OUT TO GET THAT BLACK VENUS FLYER--HEARD IT OVER THE SHORT WAVE LISTENING POST--

SO THEY'RE REALLY GOING ALL OUT TO CATCH HER?



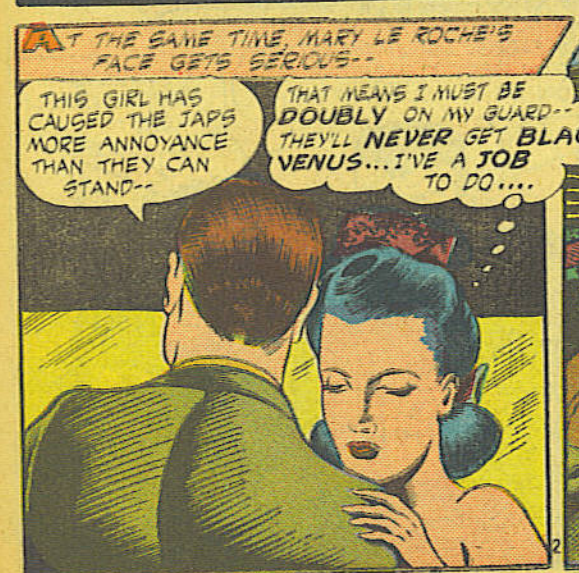
WE NEITHER KNOW WHO SHE IS, OR WHERE SHE CAN BE LOCATED--HOWEVER--MY PLAN IS TO BRING HER OUT IN THE OPEN--

--AND WHAT MAY THIS PLAN BE, MOST REVERED OFFICER--?



SIMPLY THIS--WE HAVE YANKEE PRISONERS, HAVE WE NOT? A FEW ATROCITIES ON THEM AND I BELIEVE THE ACCURSED WOMAN WILL COME SEEKING VENGEANCE!

IMPECCABLY CLEVER--OH HONORED ONE--



THIS GIRL HAS CAUSED THE JAPS MORE ANNOYANCE THAN THEY CAN STAND--

THAT MEANS I MUST BE DOUBLY ON MY GUARD--THEY'LL NEVER GET BLACK VENUS...I'VE A JOB TO DO....



I JUST SHOT DOWN A NIP WHO DELIBERATELY FLEW INTO OUR TERRITORY TO DROP THIS, SIR--IN A SPECIAL PARACHUTE--

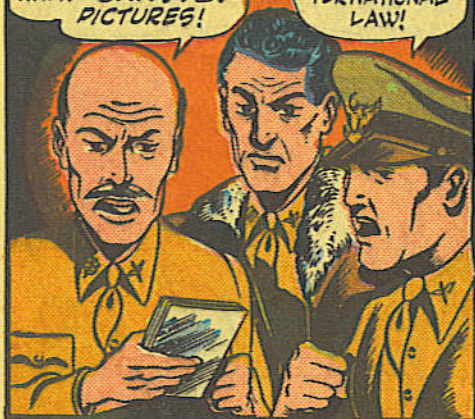
WHAT IS IT?

CONTACT COMICS

A FEW SECONDS LATER--

**JAP ATROCITIES!
AMERICAN SOLDIERS!
GOOD HEAVENS!
WHAT GHASTLY
PICTURES!**

**A DIRECT
VIOLATION
OF THE IN-
TERNATIONAL
LAW!**



**MEANWHILE IN COLONEL
YOITOYO'S QUARTERS--**

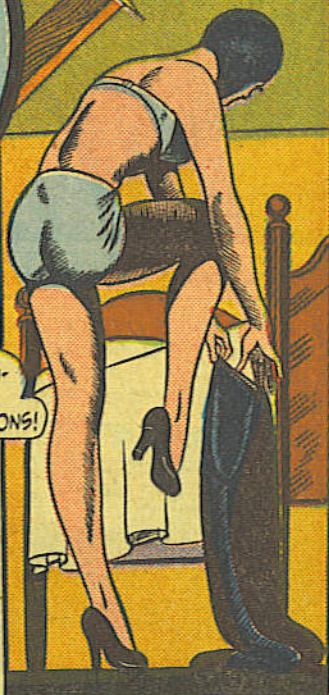
**ONE OF US IS MISSING--
LIEUT. KOHAMA DIED NOBLY
IN DELIVERING THE PHOTOS
TO THE ENEMY-- NOW,
GENTLEMEN--WE SHALL
BE ON THE ALERT, AND EXPECT
RESULTS..**

BANZAI!



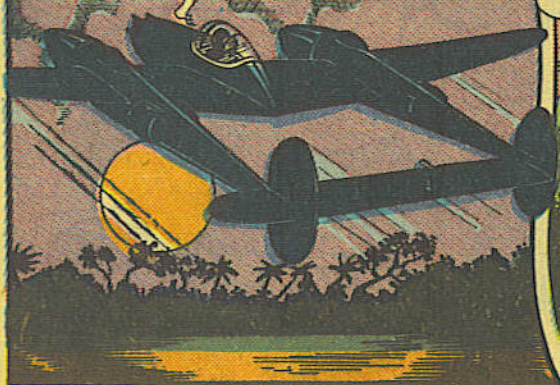
**AND HERE'S WHAT THE
NIP TERMS "RESULTS"--
TO CAPTURE THIS BRAVE
GIRL AND TORTURE HER TO
DEATH--**

**I KNOW I'M FLYING INTO A
TRAP-- BUT IF I DON'T DO IT--
THERE'LL BE MORE AMERICAN
PRISONERS TORTURED TO
DEATH-- THOSE NIPS WILL
STOP AT NOTHING!**



**AND MINUTES LATER--FROM A SECRET
HANGER IN THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH,
A BLACK PLANE TAKES OFF--**

**WELL---HERE COMES BLACK VENUS,
NIPS-- I'M READY FOR A FIGHT-- IF YOU ARE!**



**LATER, AT A WELL HIDDEN
OBSERVATION POST, ON A
TINY ISLAND--**

**RELAY THIS IMMEDIATELY!
BLACK PLANE HEADING
TOWARD SECTOR R-- OUR ANTI-
AIRCRAFT GUNS SILENT--
AWAIT FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS!**

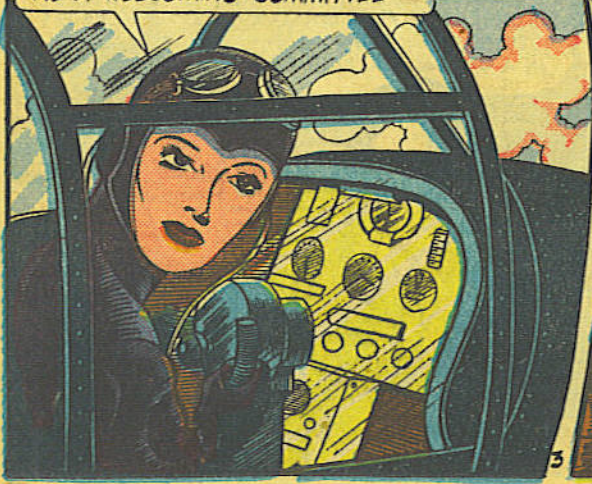


**AND A GLEEFUL COL.YOITOYO
GIVES ORDERS TO HIS GRINNING
BUTCHER-OFFICERS---**

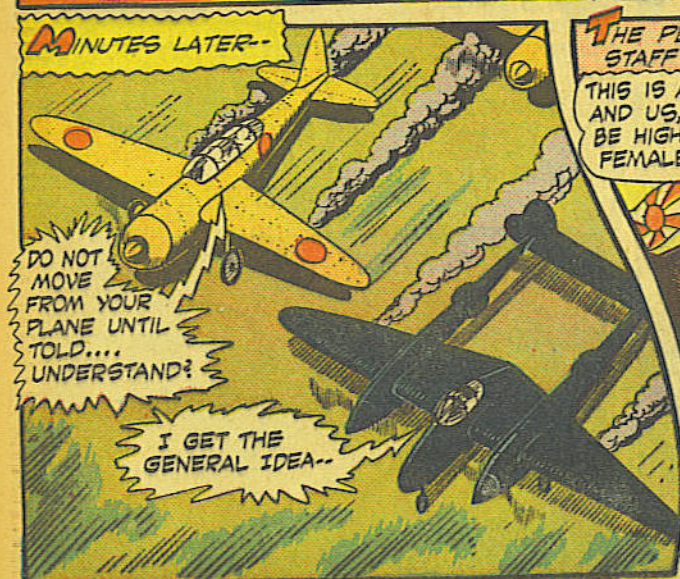
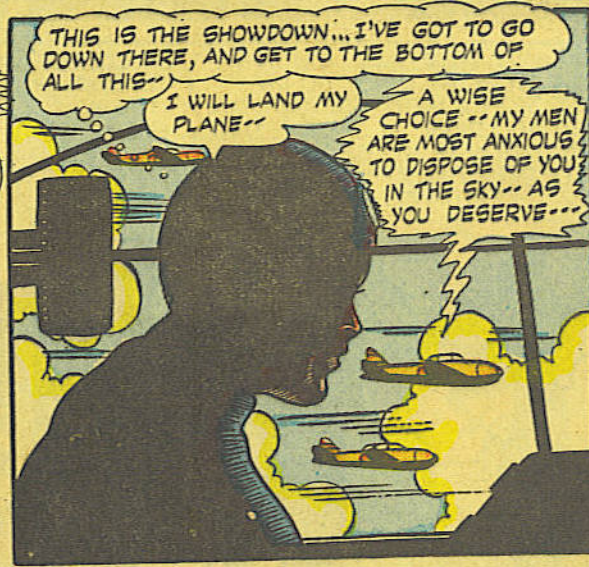
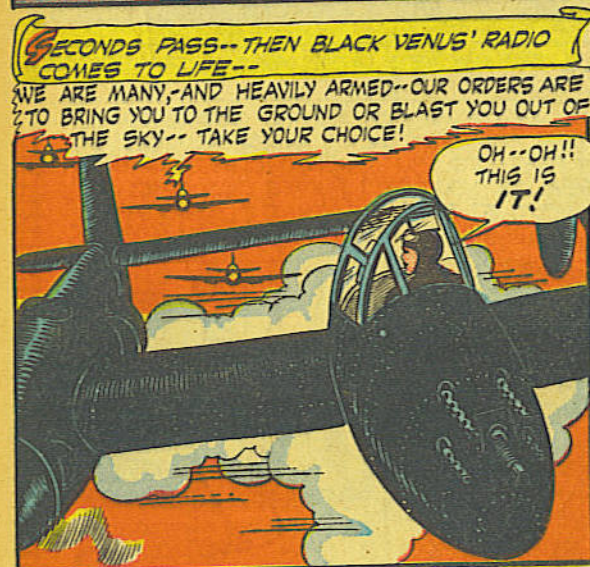
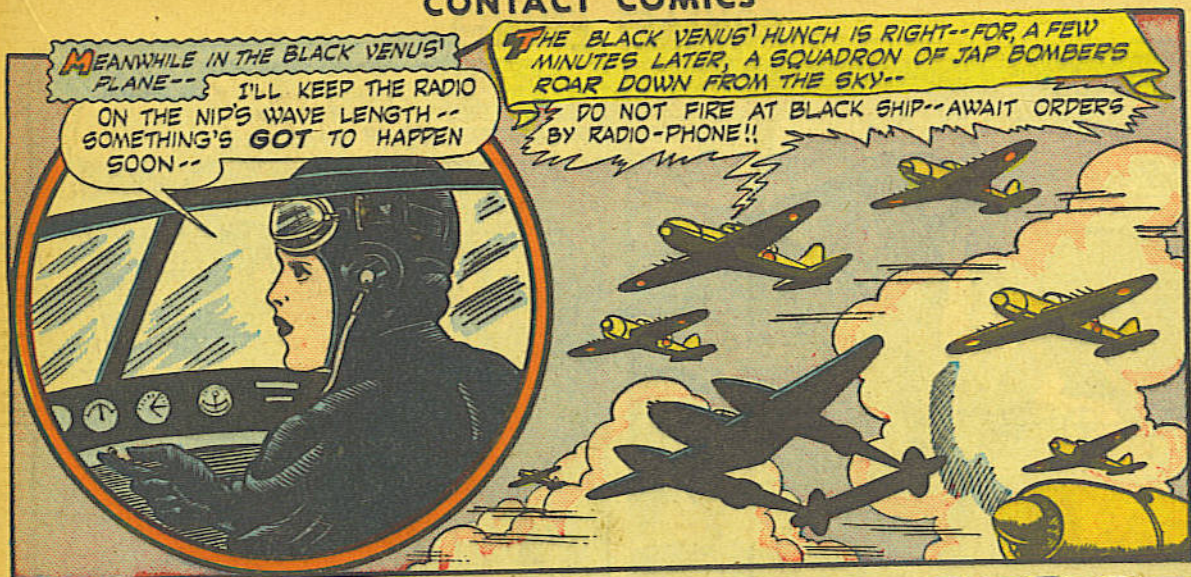
**I'VE JUST RECEIVED
THE NEWS--SHE IS ON
HER WAY--SEE THAT MY INSTRUCTIONS
ARE CARRIED OUT TO THE LETTER!
I AM VERY PLEASED--NOW
JOIN ME IN A GLASS OF SAKI--**

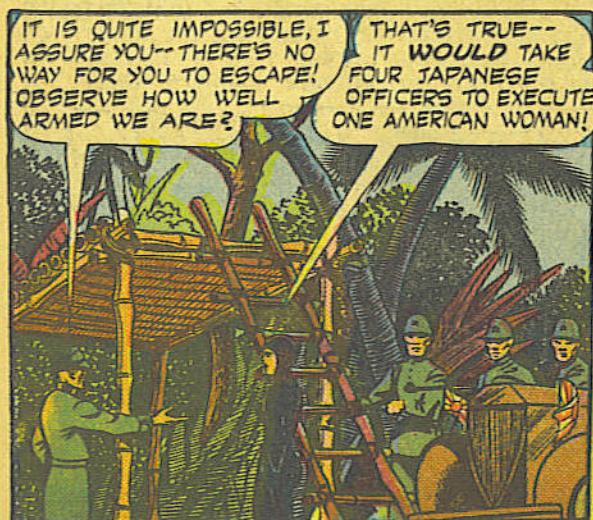
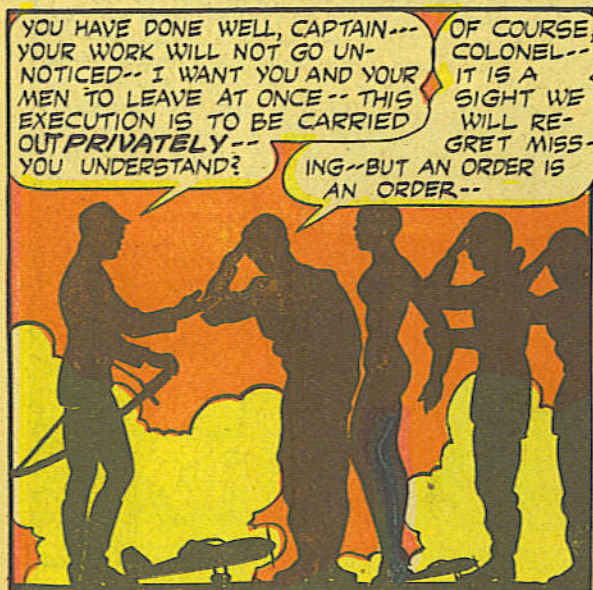
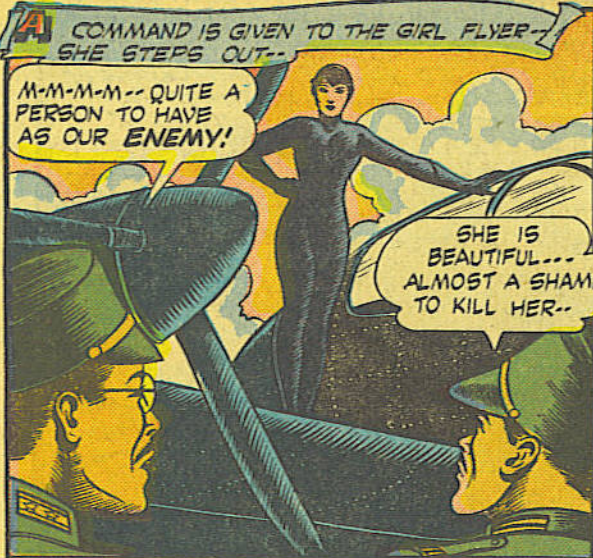
**A PLEASURE--
MOST HONDRABLE
ONE--**

**IT'S SO QUIET--I CAN HARDLY HEAR A PIN DROP!
SOMETHING'S UP-- I EXPECTED A FLOCK OF ZEROS
AS A WELCOMING COMMITTEE--**



CONTACT COMICS





CONTACT COMICS

A FEW SECONDS LATER, BLACK VENUS IS ATOP THE SCAFFOLD, LOOKING DOWN AT HER CAPTORS...



WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL, THE TRAP DOOR WILL OPEN, AND YOU WILL PLUNGE DOWN -- MY MEN WILL RIDDLE YOUR BODY WITH MACHINE GUN FIRE! THAT'S MY WISH!

AS THE NIPPONESE EXECUTIONER PREPARES TO CARRY OUT HIS ORDERS, A FLASH OF INSPIRATION COMES TO THE GIRL FLYER --



THIS FRAMEWORK WILL BURN LIKE A FURY --- AND I'VE GOT MATCHES! THAT'S ONE THING THEY DIDN'T TAKE FROM ME!

HOLD HAND TO-GETHER PLEASESS!

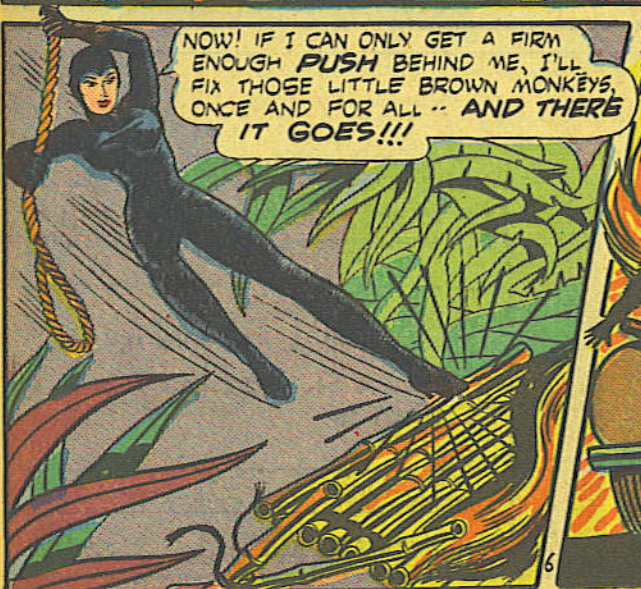
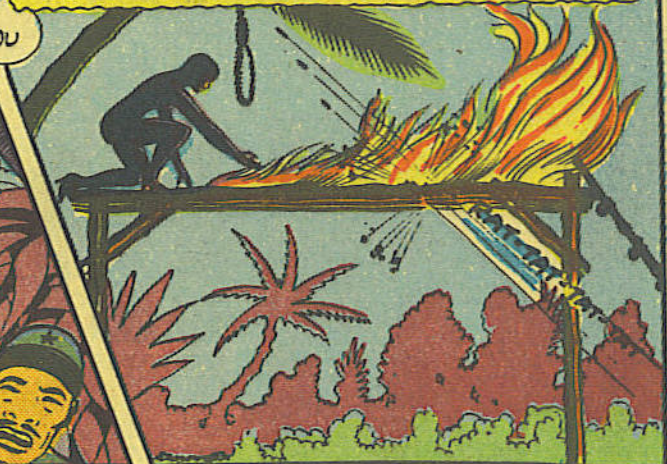
AND SHE QUICKLY SPRINGS INTO ACTION--

HOLD YOUR GRAND-MOTHER'S HANDS--I'VE GOT WORK TO DO!!



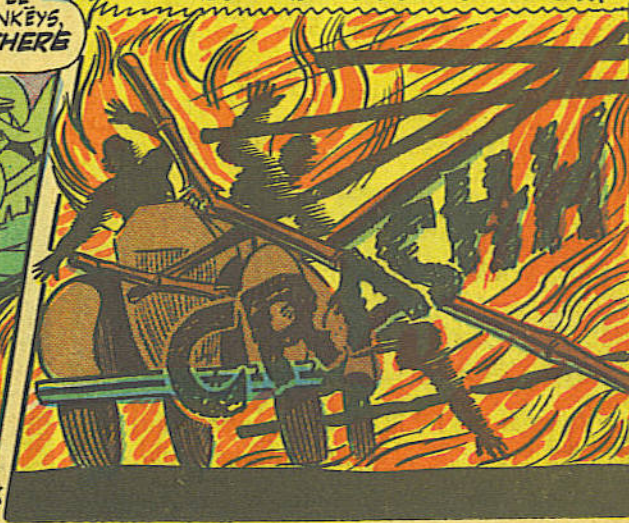
SHOOT HER!! SHOOT HER YOU FOOLS!!!

QUICKLY PRODUCING MATCHES, SHE SUCCEEDS IN SETTING THE TINDER-DRY, FLIMSY SCAFFOLD OF DEATH AFIRE-- AS JAP BULLETS WHIZZ BY!!



NOW! IF I CAN ONLY GET A FIRM ENOUGH **PUSH** BEHIND ME, I'LL FIX THOSE LITTLE BROWN MONKEYS, ONCE AND FOR ALL -- AND THERE IT GOES!!!

AND THE FLAMING MASS OF FLIMSY WOOD COMES CRASHING DOWN ON THE CAR!



CONTACT COMICS

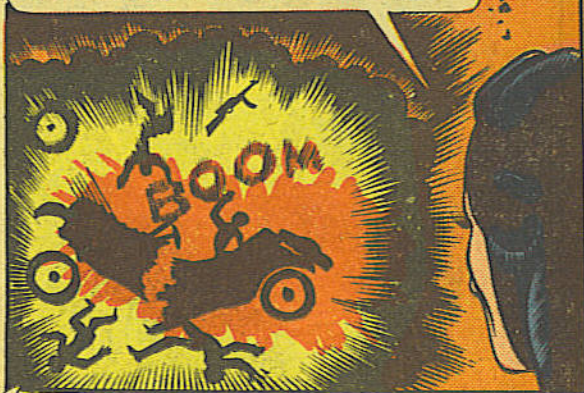
WHILE BLACK VENUS SCRAMBLES TO SAFETY
IN THE PROTECTIVE LEAVES OF A TREE...

NOW TO GET BACK
TO MY SHIP BEFORE
ANY MORE TROUBLE
BEGINS ---



SECONDS LATER A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION
ROCKS THE ISLAND--

FLAMES MUST HAVE GOTTEN TO THE GAS
TANK OF THE NIP CAR-- THEY WERE CARRY-
ING AMMUNITION FOR THOSE MACHINE GUNS
TOO-- THAT'S THE END OF THEM--



THE FOLLOWING EVENING AT THE U.S.O
CANTEEN IN MELBOURNE--

ANOTHER GOOD DAY FOR US!
WE RAN ACROSS A WHOLE
SQUADRON OF JAP BOMBERS,
AND SHOT DOWN EVERY ONE!
THEY WERE RETURNING FROM
SOME LITTLE ISLAND, ON A
SPECIAL MISSION--

I WONDER IF THEY
HAVE TAKEN CARE
OF BLACK VENUS
YET-- OR ARE
GIVING IT UP AS A
BAD JOB--!



FOLLOW BLACK
VENUS IN ANOTHER
THRILLING ADVENTURE
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
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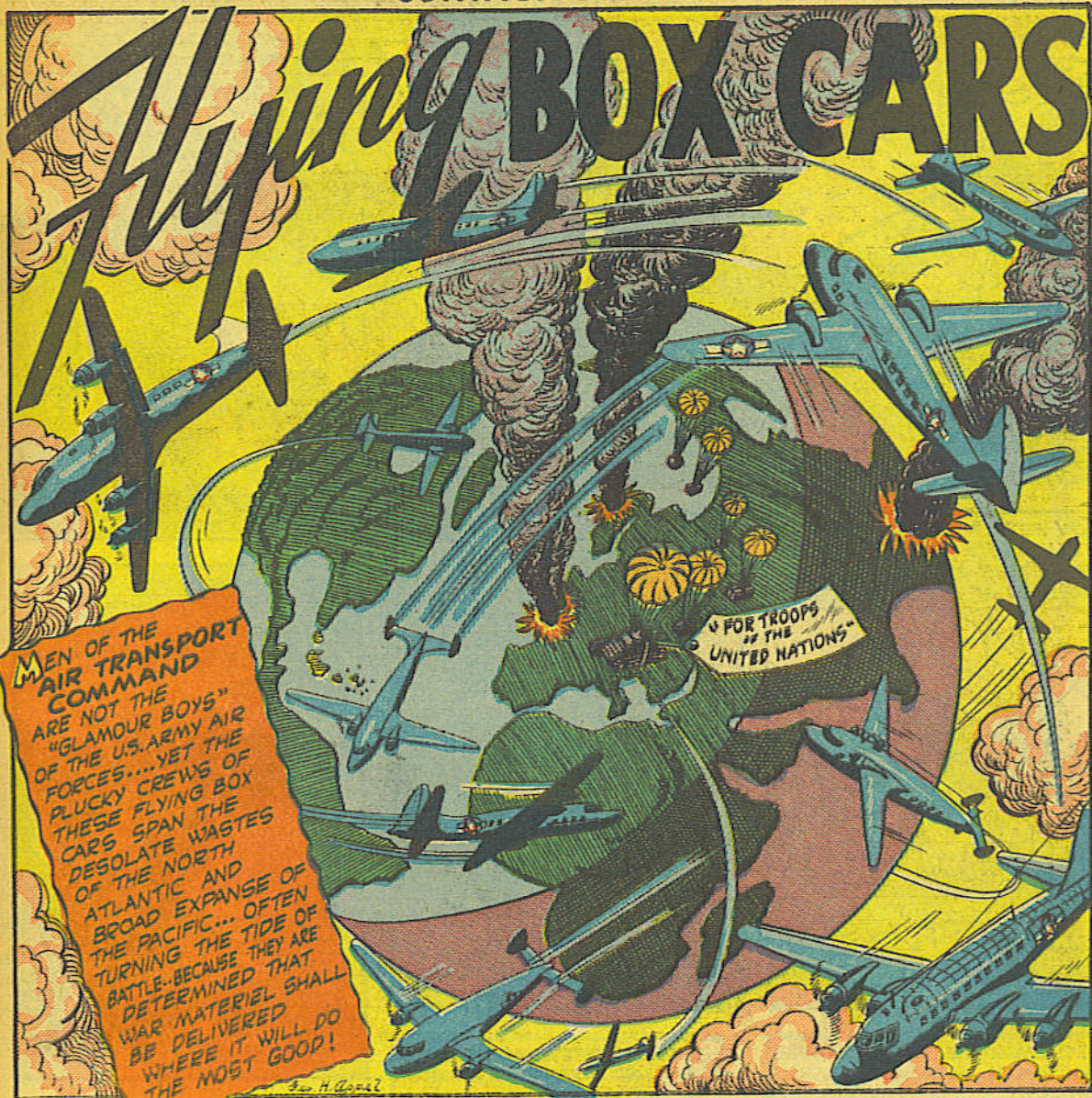
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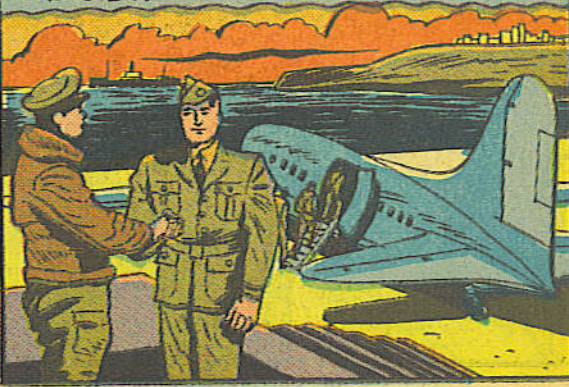
CITY & STATE _____



THE A.T.C. HAD AN INAUSPICIOUS START IN JUNE, 1941, WITH TWO OFFICERS AND A SECRETARY IN TWO TINY BASEMENT ROOMS OF THE MUNITIONS BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D.C., UNDER THE COMMAND OF **GEN. HAROLD E. GEORGE**.



OPERATIONS ARE LIMITED TO THE CONTINENTAL. U.S. DELIVERING LEND-LEASE PLANE TO DELIVERY POINTS--WHERE THE BRITISH ROYAL AIR FORCES TAKE OVER!

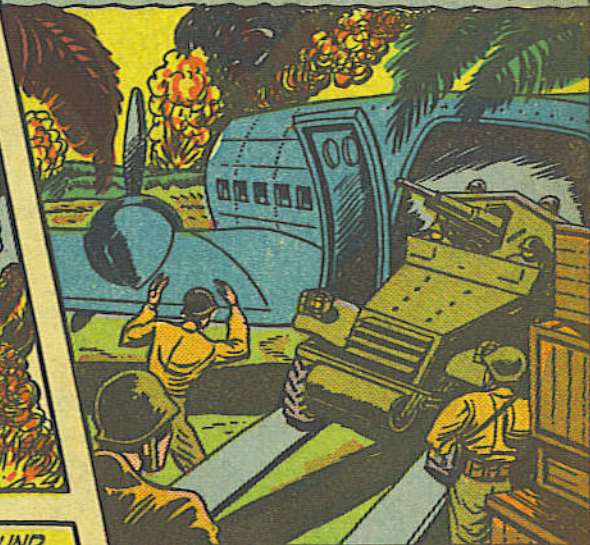


CONTACT COMICS

BUT AFTER PEARL HARBOR, THE AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND NOT ONLY FERRIES COMBAT PLANES TO VARIOUS FIGHTING FRONTS-- BUT ALSO TRANS-
PORTS KEY MILITARY AND DIPLOMATIC OFFICIALS.



THEN-- THE A.T.C. BEGINS TO DELIVER URGENTLY NEEDED SUPPLIES TO ACTUAL COMBAT ZONES!



ON RETURN TRIPS, THE HUGE TRANSPORTS ARE LADEN WITH STRATEGIC MATERIALS BADLY NEEDED AT HOME--



OTHER HOME-BOUND SHIPS CARRY AS MANY AS 20 PILOTS WHO WILL SOON FLY BACK OVERSEAS WITH GIANT BOMBERS JUST OFF THE ASSEMBLY LINES!



IN BURMA...GENERAL STILLWELL AND AN ARMY OF 70,000 TRAPPED CHINESE SOLDIERS ARE IN A DESPERATE SITUATION.



A.T.C. HEADQUARTERS RECEIVES A CRITICAL MESSAGE FROM STILLWELL...

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS--DESPITE DETERMINED INTERFERENCE FROM JAP ZEROS-- A.T.C. PLANES DROP FOOD AND SUPPLIES TO THE CHINESE-- AVERTING A MAJOR CATASTROPHE!

TELEGRAM

UNLESS FOOD AND SUPPLIES GET TO US IMMEDIATELY WE CANNOT HOLD OUT!

Gen. Stilwell



CONTACT COMICS

GENERAL ERWIN ROMMEL AND HIS VICTORIOUS NAZI ARMY PLUNGE AHEAD, PUSHING THE BRITISH EIGHTH ARMY ACROSS THE SAND SWEEP DESERT OF LIBYA--



AT A BRITISH HEADQUARTERS TENT--

SEND A MESSAGE TO LONDON-- TELL THEM WE ARE ALMOST OUT OF AMMUNITION-- SOMETHING MUST BE DONE AT ONCE--



A FEW DAYS LATER A.T.C. PLANES DELIVER 25,000 ROUNDS OF SHELLS--ENABLING THE BRITISH TO CHECK THE GERMAN ADVANCE.



THE SAME WEEK--A MILITARY HOSPITAL IN NOME, ALASKA, BURNS DOWN WITH A COMPLETE LOSS OF EQUIPMENT--



BUT 36 HOURS LATER, DUPLICATE EQUIPMENT ARRIVES BY AMERICAN TRANSPORT COMMAND PLANE FROM ST. LOUIS--AND THE HOSPITAL FUNCTIONS WITH BUT 3 DAYS' INTERRUPTION!



DOWN IN AUSTRALIA, GEN. DOUGLAS MACARTHUR STRUGGLES TO PREVENT A JAP INVASION--

BUT, GENERAL-- UNLESS WE GET 50,000 POUNDS OF SMALL PARTS-- AND QUICK-- WE CAN'T KEEP OUR PLANES IN OPERATION!

YOU'LL GET THEM, SOLDIER!



IN EXACTLY 2 DAYS AND 17 HOURS, AN A.T.C. PLANE DELIVERS THE PARTS!

JEEPERS! AIN'T THEY BEAUTIFUL--?



CONTACT COMICS

ON MISSIONS OF MERCY--FLYING AMBULANCES REMOVE SERIOUSLY INJURED MEN FROM BATTLE ZONES TO SAFE INLAND HOSPITALS--



THE A.T.C. OFTEN ACTS AS AERIAL CHUCK WAGONS-- LAST YEAR THEY FLEW TURKEY AND ALL THE FIXINGS FOR CHRISTMAS TO TROOPS IN AFRICA--



GOLLY, MA COULDN'T HAVE COOKED A BETTER DINNER THAN THIS!

IT WAS IN AN AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND PLANE THAT PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT TRAVELED TO THE HISTORIC CASA-BLANCA CONFERENCE--



--AND AN A.T.C. PILOT WAS AT THE CONTROLS WHEN PRIME MINISTER CHURCHILL FLEW TO MOSCOW TO MEET JOSEPH STALIN!



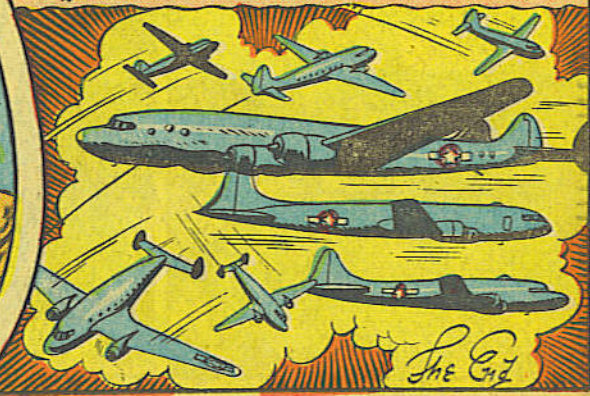
TO RELEASE MALE FLYERS FOR FOREIGN SERVICE-- ON SEPT. 10, 1942, THE WOMEN'S AUXILIARY FERRYING SQUADRON IS ORGANIZED-- OPERATING EXCLUSIVELY IN THE UNITED STATES--



FLYING POSTMAN, IS ANOTHER ROLE OF THE A.T.C. PILOTS DELIVERING AS MUCH AS 29,000,000 PIECES OF MAIL A MONTH TO REMOTE OUTPOSTS--



TODAY-- THOUSANDS OF AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND MEN AND WOMEN CONTINUE TO ESTABLISH INCREDIBLE RECORDS-- THIS YEAR THEY WILL FLY MORE THAN 90,000 MILES OF ROUTES-- PERFORMING SERVICE UNEQUALED IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD!



The G.I.

SILVER WINGS

WHAT MAKES A GOOD FLYER? DISCOVER FOR YOURSELF STEP BY STEP---THE TRANSFORMATION OF JOHNNY JONES, THE BOY NEXT DOOR, FROM THE MOMENT HE DONS THE UNIFORM OF THE U.S. ARMY AIR FORCES, UNTIL THE DAY HE FLIES IN ACTIVE COMBAT-- A MASTER OF THE SKY!



DURING HIS FINAL YEAR AT HIGH SCHOOL, JOHNNY JOINED THE AIR CADETS, RECEIVING A VALUABLE PRE-AVIATION ORIENTATION COURSE--



AFTER GRADUATING, JOHNNY DECIDES TO ENLIST IN THE AIR FORCE-- BUT FIRST, HE MUST PASS A STIFF EXAMINATION--



CONTACT COMICS

A FEW DAYS LATER--

CONGRATULATIONS, JOHNNY! YOU PASSED WITH FLYING COLORS!

GOLLY! NO-NO KIDDIN', SIR!

THAT AFTERNOON, 18-YEAR OLD JOHNNY JONES IS SWORN IN AS A CADET IN THE U.S. ARMY AIR FORCES.

YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW, MEN! GOOD LUCK TO ALL OF YOU!

JOHNNY LEAVES FOR A COLLEGE TRAINING DETACHMENT--

I'M GOING TO TRY FOR BOMB-ARDIERING--HOW ABOUT YOU, JIM?

WELL, FRANK--NAVIGATION APPEALS TO ME!

I WANT TO BE A PILOT!

FOR THE NEXT 22½ WEEKS, JOHNNY TAKES A COURSE EMPHASIZING MATH, PHYSICS, GEOGRAPHY, AND CURRENT HISTORY-- PLUS 10 HOURS OF DUAL INSTRUCTIONS IN LIGHT PLANES--

DESPITE THE HEAVY SCHEDULE OF WORK, JOHNNY IS ALSO TAUGHT HOW TO BE A GOOD SOLDIER--

PORT ARMS!

THEN--JOHNNY IS SENT TO A CLASSIFICATION CENTER FOR PSYCHOLOGICAL TESTS TO DETERMINE WHAT BRANCH OF SERVICE HE WILL ENTER--

THOSE WITH SCORES OF 5 OR MORE PILOT STANINES WILL BE ADMITTED TO PILOT TRAINING-- NAVIGATORS MUST HAVE A STANINE OF 7-- BOMBARDIERS- 5!

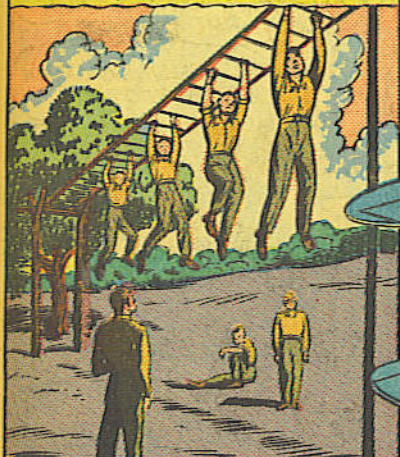
THE FOLLOWING DAY--

HEY, FELLOWS-- WHADDYA KNOW! I MADE IT! I'M GONNA BE A PILOT!

GREAT! JIM AND I WERE LUCKY, TOO!

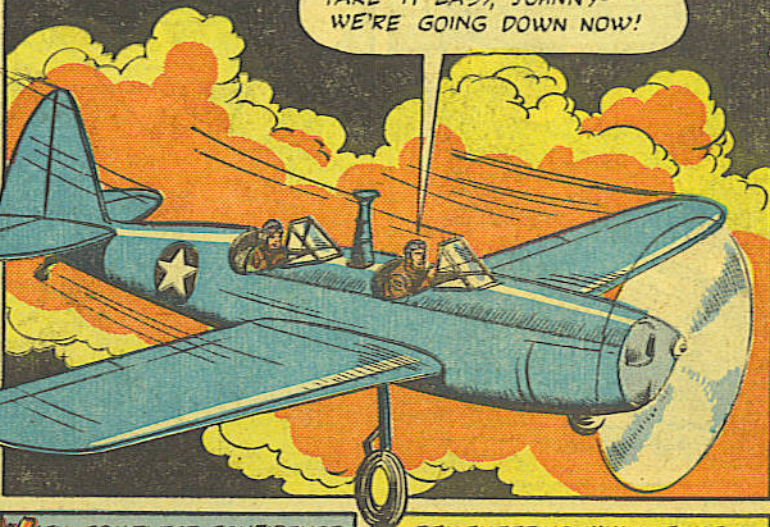
CONTACT COMICS

JOHNNY ENTERS PRE-FLIGHT SCHOOL FOR 9 WEEKS OF MILITARY DRILL, ADDITIONAL TRAINING, AND GROUND WORK--



NEXT-- JOHNNY IS ASSIGNED TO PRIMARY SCHOOL!

TAKE IT EASY, JOHNNY--
WE'RE GOING DOWN NOW!



AFTER FROM 8 TO 12 HOURS OF DUAL TRAINING WITH A CIVILIAN INSTRUCTOR--

ALL RIGHT, JONES! YOU'RE READY FOR YOUR FIRST SOLO FLIGHT!

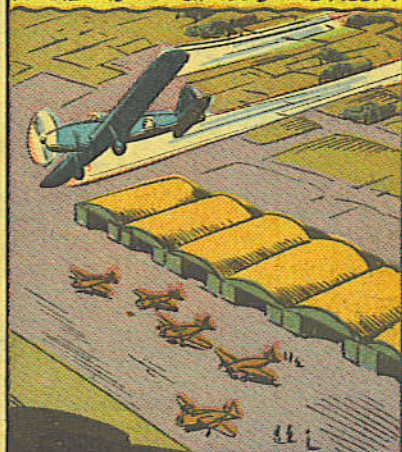
ER-ER--GEE! THAT'S WONDERFUL!



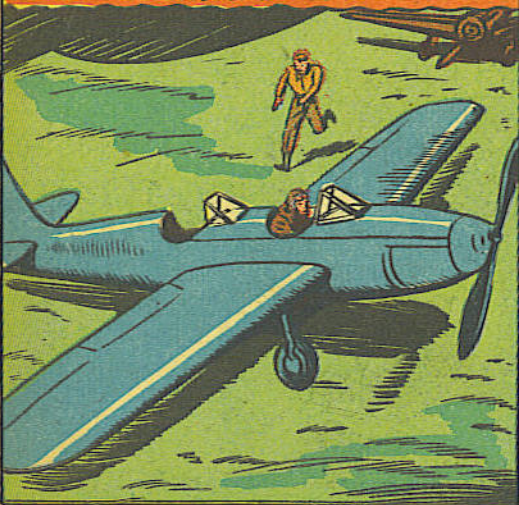
WITH COMPLETE CONFIDENCE, JOHNNY STARTS THE MOTOR OF HIS PLANE!



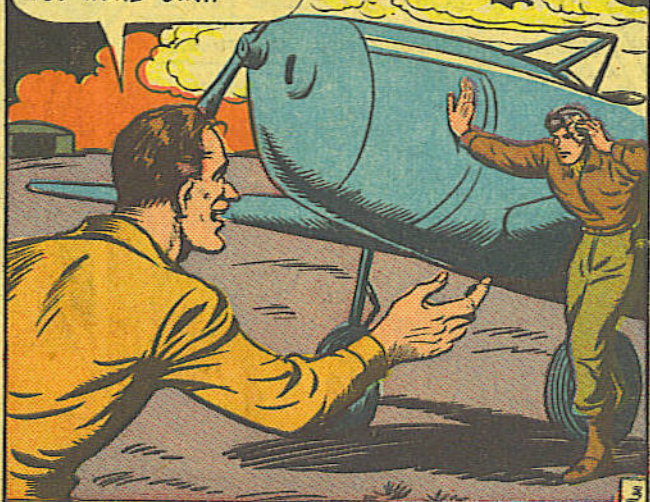
REMEMBERING WHAT HE HAS BEEN TAUGHT, JOHNNY MAINTAINS PERFECT CONTROL OVER HIS PLANE AS HE CIRCLES THE FIELD!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, JOHNNY COMES TO A PERFECT STOP!

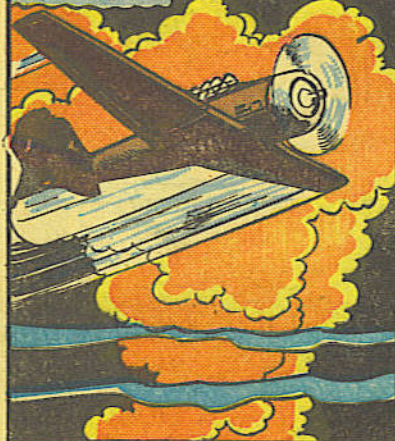


GOOD WORK, JONES! YOU WERE O.K.!

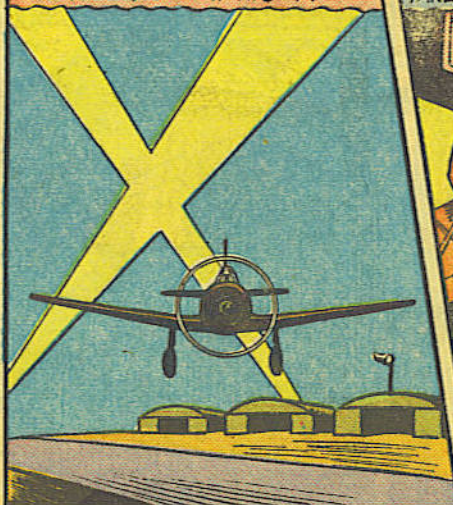


CONTACT COMICS

THEN--JOHNNY GOES TO BASIC SCHOOL, WHERE HE FLIES A HEAVIER, FASTER PLANE WITH EMPHASIS ON ACCURACY AND PRECISION--



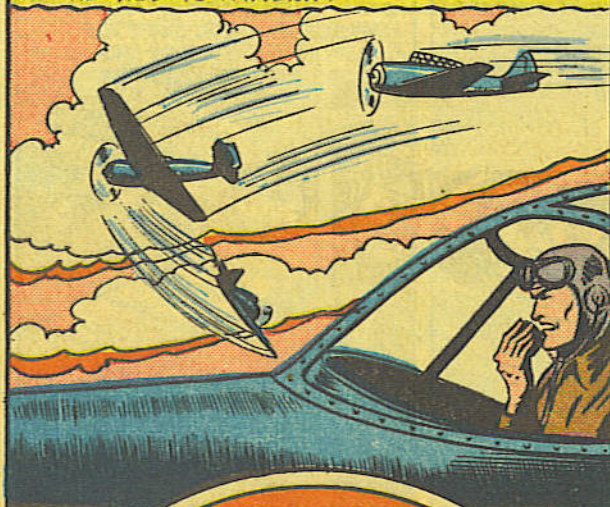
HE LEARNS TO FLY AT DUSK, AT DAWN, AND AT NIGHT!



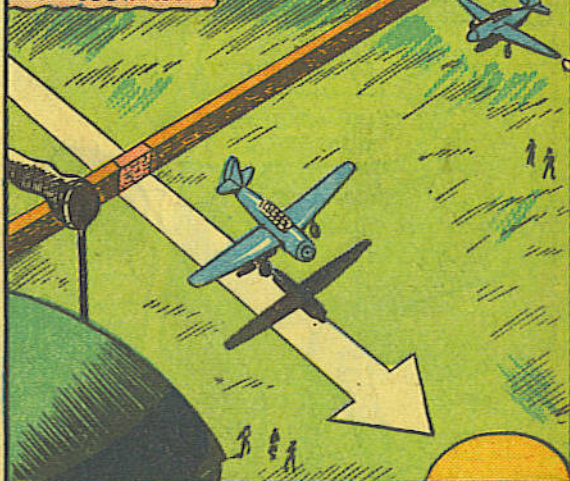
JOHNNY PRACTICES INSTRUMENT TAKE-OFFS AND APPROACHES



HE IS ALSO TAUGHT TO MAKE ACCURATE TURNS IN THE TRAFFIC PATTERN--



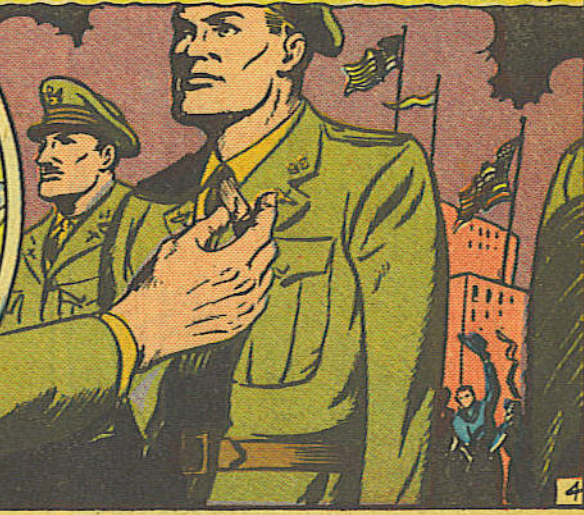
--- AS WELL AS HOW TO EXECUTE CROSS-WIND POWER-ON AND SPOT LANDINGS OVER AN OBSTACLE!



AT THE CONCLUSION OF BASIC SCHOOL, SOME GRADUATES ARE SENT TO SINGLE ENGINE SCHOOL TO BECOME FIGHTER PILOTS--BUT JOHNNY HEADS FOR A TWIN ENGINE SCHOOL FOR ADVANCE TRAINING AS A BOMBER PILOT--

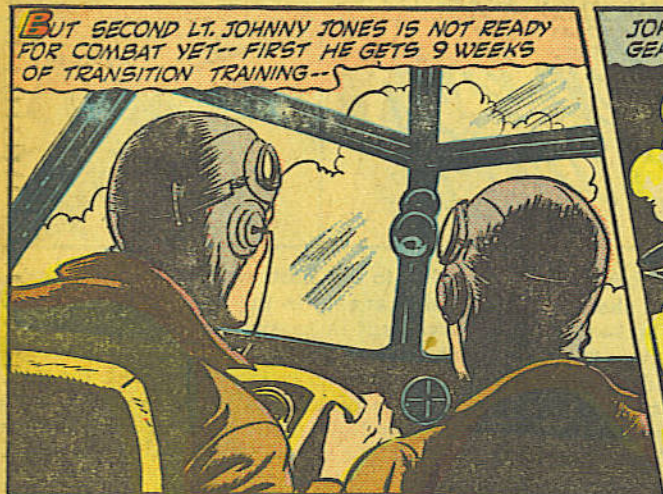


AFTER NINE WEEKS, JOHNNY'S DREAM COMES TRUE! HE RECEIVES HIS SILVER WINGS--AND COMMISSION!

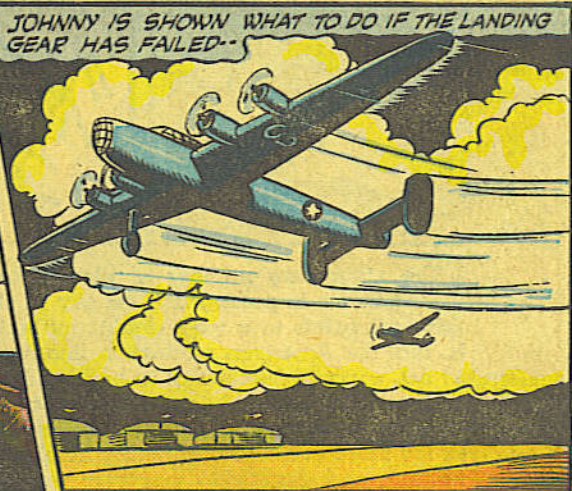


CONTACT COMICS

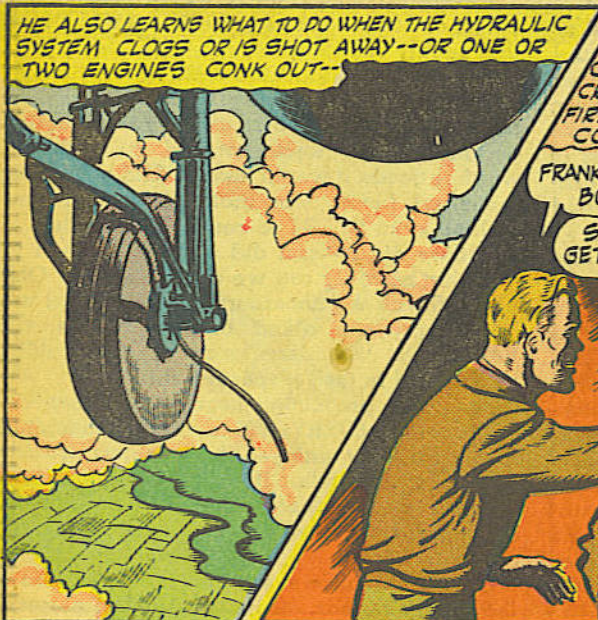
BUT SECOND LT. JOHNNY JONES IS NOT READY FOR COMBAT YET-- FIRST HE GETS 9 WEEKS OF TRANSITION TRAINING--



JOHNNY IS SHOWN WHAT TO DO IF THE LANDING GEAR HAS FAILED--



HE ALSO LEARNS WHAT TO DO WHEN THE HYDRAULIC SYSTEM CLOGS OR IS SHOT AWAY--OR ONE OR TWO ENGINES CONK OUT--



LATER--AT THE TRAINING AIR FORCE CENTER, JOHNNY'S CREW IS ASSEMBLED-- FIRST HE MEETS HIS CO-PILOT, AND THEN-- FRANK! YOU'RE TO BE MY BOMBARDIER!

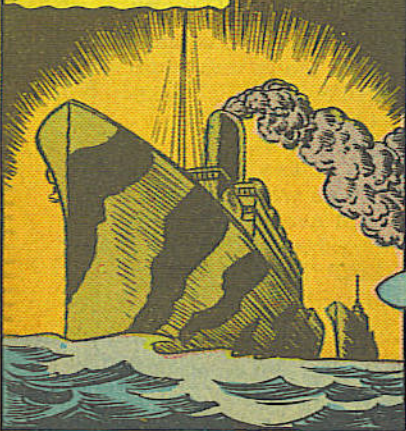
SURE--AND YOU COULDN'T GET A BETTER ONE!



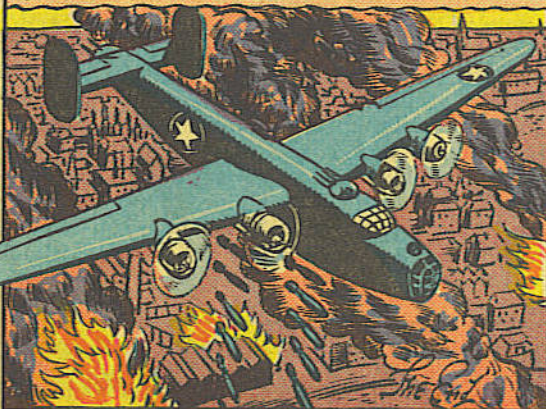
AND JIM--YOU'RE THE NAVIGATOR! GOLLY--THIS IS PERFECT!



A SCANT 30 DAYS LATER, AFTER BECOMING THOROUGHLY ACQUAINTED WITH THE BOMBER THEY ARE TO FLY, JOHNNY AND HIS CREW ARE SENT OVERSEAS--



TODAY--JOHNNY JONES, THE BOY NEXT DOOR AND HUNDREDS OF OTHER BOYS--SUPERBLY TRAINED BY THE ARMY AIR FORCES, ARE BUSY LICKING THE ENEMY IN ACTIVE COMBAT, HELPING TO MAKE THE WORLD SAFE FOR THEMSELVES AND THE REST OF US HERE AT HOME!



IT'S TRUE!
NOTHING
CAN STOP THE
ARMY AIR
CORPS!

LET'S BACK
UP THIS
SUPERB
GROUP OF
FIGHTING
ARMEN
AND SUPPORT
THEIR EXPLOITS
BY THE
PURCHASE
OF
WAR BONDS
AND
STAMPS



"Keep 'em Flying!"



The staggering number of planes that the United States is putting into the sky to shorten this war points to a very significant fact—that is, that the American production line, war-time or not, can still function at its best, and far outdistance our enemy in quantity and quality.

A few years ago, the "mighty" Luftwaffe flew in the skies of Europe, terrifying helpless small nations, and destroying whatever was in their path, simply because they had no opposition.

The Nazi air arm was looked upon as a dangerous war weapon by most of the neutral nations who had not been involved in the war up to that date. It might truthfully be said now, that America was woefully lacking in first rate air equipment for warfare — because most of our air-minded production experts were concentrating upon commercial American flying and its problems.

We recall the terrible raids over London and other British cities in those dark days, and blacked-out nights. We remember the stubborn tenacity of the British people in the face of this horrible rain of death and destruction. And, we think of the gallant R.A.F. doing battle with this air armada though hopelessly outnumbered, and exhausted to a point of numbness.

In those days, we watched the progress of this aerial adventure, and learned many things. One of the things we learned was: we must have WAR planes and MORE war planes, and the quicker the better. Suppose the Nazi hordes should undertake an air invasion of OUR coasts . . . what then . . . ?

So, American production genius went to work. They realized that the entire keynote of a mighty air force WAS production, and the very same methods used in the rapid manufacture of automobiles, refrigerators, or radios, must now be brought into use with the skills of these workers put to their greatest test.

America needed TIME, and such a challenge to American inventive spirit has been met with true Yankee determination and RESULTS. No longer is the Nazi air fleet to be looked on with fear and bewilderment; the challenge was flung at our country, and in the remarkably short space of time involved, American war planes by the THOUSANDS were filling the invasion area like good rich red blood being transfused so that others will enjoy the decencies and privileges of a democracy.

Looking to the East, we find that we have a formidable enemy in the wily Japanese. They too, have sent huge swarms of death carrying aircraft over a helpless and huddled China. We can only guess as to what ACTUAL air might Japan has to offer. But when the final showdown is made, American men in American planes will put down The Sign of the Rising Sun—once and for all.

American production it would seem, is the secret of American strength. It is the one factor that enemy countries never seem to understand, and always want to trifle with. Enemy agents, residing in this country prior to the war, probably estimated that at the rate American assembly lines were jammed up with non-war-time goods, it would take YEARS to untangle the snarl before war material could in any fashion even START to come off the rollers.

But we did it—and did such a thorough job of it that not only are we able to supply OURSELVES with the necessary implements of war, but supply our allied brothers-in-arms who haven't the American way of doing things established in their respective countries.

American production brought us prosperity, and enabled EVERYONE to enjoy commodities that were only enjoyed by a select wealthy FEW in other lands. It enabled, through mass creation and distribution, a lowering of the basic price to meet the demands of popular consumption.

Such tactics however, were not going on in the enemy's lands. Only the BAREST of necessities were manufactured, while the rest of the output of goods consisted of nothing but war equipment. Hence, by the time that war was forced upon America, the enemy was up in front, in supplies, while we lagged pitifully behind.

It seems fantastic that almost overnight, a high transformation took place on American assembly lines. And in less time than it takes to tell, the United States was again showing the world what DEMOCRATIC people did, when they were betrayed.

So, to all of you who have a hand in this war effort, the editors of Contact Comics just want to add these words—words that we have heard over and over again, but now, take on a new meaning, because we are in this fight to the finish—KEEP 'EM ROLLING . . . and KEEP 'EM FLYING!!!

BUY WAR BONDS and STAMPS Today!

TOMMY TOMAHAWK



Like THE
MIGHTY ROARING
OF A TRIBE OF WILD
HORSEMEN FROM OUT OF
THE PAST, THE ZOOMING
TOMMYHAWK SQUADRON
HURTTLES INTO ACTION -- AND
THE PRIMITIVE INSTINCT
OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN
ASSERTS ITSELF AS TOMMY
TOMAHAWK GETS
"REVENGE A LA CHEROKEE"

CONTACT COMICS

COME ON FELLERS!
THIS IS IT!!



LET'S GO, BOYS... LET'S MAKE
THIS **ANOTHER** VICTORY
FOR THE TOMMYHAWK BUNCH!

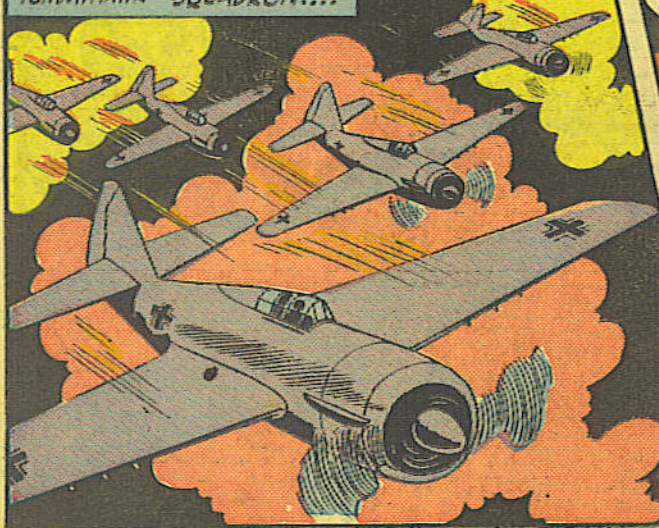


**BUT, TOMMY'S BEST PAL,
RED WING, MAKES A
STARTLING DISCOVERY!**

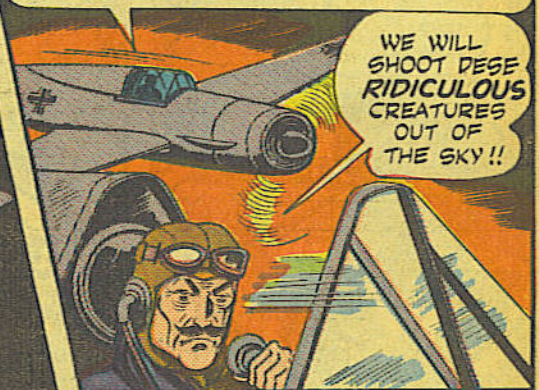


**TOMMY!
TOMMY!!
THESE
AIN'T JAPS!
THEY'RE
FOCKE-
WULFS!!**

**RED WING IS RIGHT!! AND A MIGHTY ARMADA
OF NAZI AIRCRAFT HURLS ITSELF AT THE
TOMMYHAWK SQUADRON...!!**



JA, MEIN COMMANDANT-- DEY HAFF CAUSED
MUCH TROUBLE TO OUR ALLY JAPANESE--
DEY ARE FULL-BLOODED AMERICAN INDIANS!



**WE WILL
SHOOT DESE
RIDICULOUS
CREATURES
OUT OF
THE SKY!!**

**RED WING GIVES THE PARTING
SALUTE ALWAYS USED BEFORE
BATTLE...**

...AND BACK IN TOMMY TOMAHAWK'S PLANE...



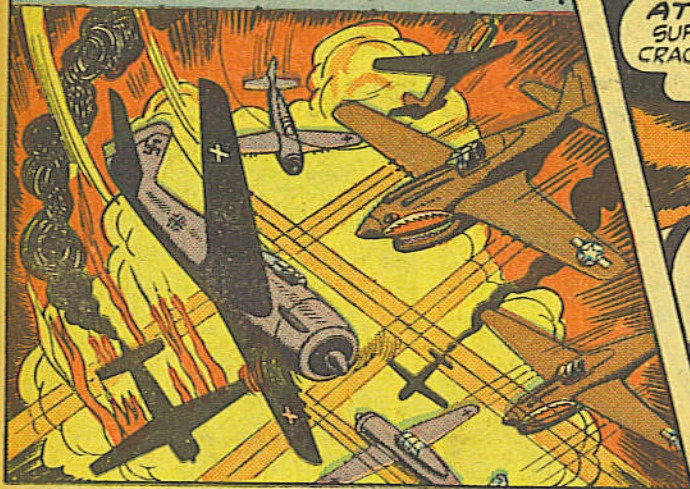
ATTENTION SQUADRON--
WE'RE GOING TO HAVE
A TOUGH FIGHT ON
OUR HANDS-- THESE
LOOK LIKE OLD
VETERANS COMING
AT US-- CLIMB
HIGH AND MAKE
EVERY SLUG
COUNT-- GOOD
LUCK---

GOOD LUCK,
TOMMY-BOY--



CHEEROO-KEEEEEEE..

AND IN A FEW MINUTES TIME, THE AIR IS ALIVE WITH ACTION---AND WHAT ACTION!



FOR MINUTES, THE FIERCE BATTLE RAGES--THEN

ATTENTION!!! TURN BACK!! OUR GAS SUPPLY IS DOWN...WE CAN TAKE ANOTHER CRACK AT THEM AGAIN--- THIS IS AN ORDER!! TURN BACK!!



MEANWHILE--

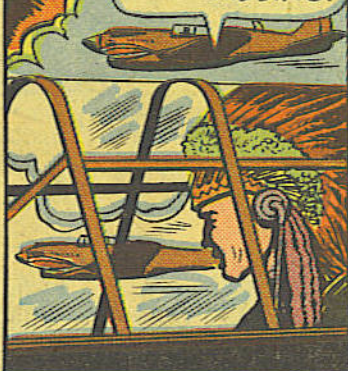
SOO-- DER BRAVE AMERIKANER INDIANS ARE NOT SO BRAVE, AFTER ALL-- THEY ARE RUNNING AWAY!!

YOU ARE RIGHT, MIEN COMMANDANT--



A FEW MILES AWAY FROM THE SCENE OF BATTLE... AND TOMMY TOMAHAWK MAKES A DREADFUL DISCOVERY---

RED WING-- HE'S MISSING!



LATER...AT THE TOMMYHAWK SQUADRON BASE--

WE'RE SORRY, TOMMY-- RED WING WAS THE BEST GUY IN THE WORLD--

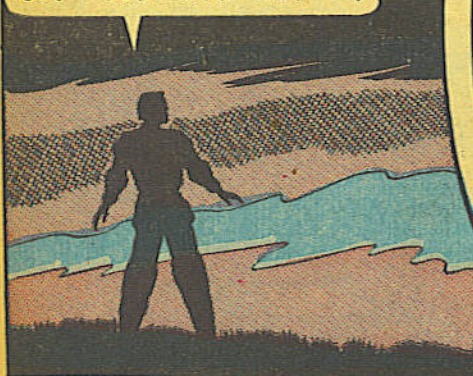
HE MUST'VE GOT IT WHEN WE FIRST WADED INTO THOSE HEINIES!

THANKS, FELLOWS-- IF HE'S DEAD, THEN WE KNOW HE DIED GALLANTLY!



THAT NIGHT... AND NO SIGN OF A RETURNING SMILING FACED BOY IN A SWIFT TOMMYHAWK PLANE...

MY BEST FRIEND... THE ONLY REAL FRIEND I EVER HAD--- GONE-- HIS LIFE SNUFFED OUT-- JUST LIKE THAT---

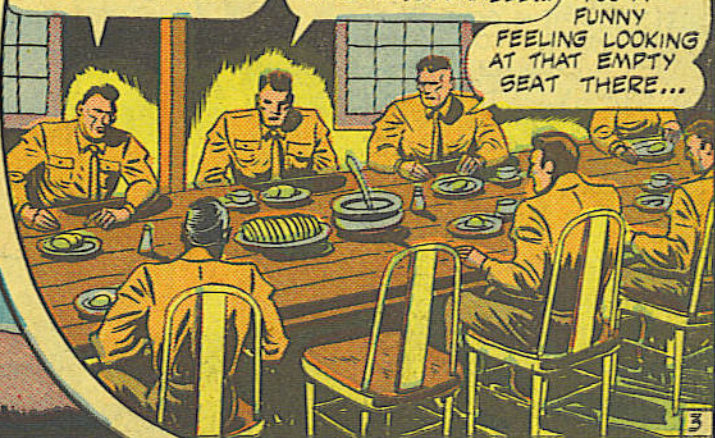


AND IN THE SILENT SQUADRON MESS HALL...

TOMMY IS TAKING THIS PRETTY HARD...

RED WING AND HE WERE INSEPERABLE...

IT GIVES YOU A FUNNY FEELING LOOKING AT THAT EMPTY SEAT THERE...



CONTACT COMICS

THE NEXT MORNING...AND THE TOMMYHAWK SQUADRON LEADER HEARS SOME STRANGE NEWS...

A BRITISH FLYER... HE JUST ESCAPED FROM THESE NAZIS AND FOUGHT HIS WAY THROUGH THE JUNGLE-- HE GOT HERE JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO BADLY BEATEN UP--

WHO IS THIS...?

NAZIS... FIENDS... I WAS SHOT DOWN-- CAPTURED... THEY PUT ME THROUGH EVERY KIND OF TORTURE THERE IS-- THEY HAVE AN INDIAN ---PRISONER-- THEY ARE SYSTEMATICALLY KILLING HIM FOR SPORT--BECAUSE HE IS AN INDIAN--HE HAS NO FEAR--OH-H-H-H--



DEAD!! HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE! AND RED WING--- THEY WON'T DO IT!!!



HOURS LATER THE SQUADRON AWAITS THE RETURN OF ITS LEADER--

I'M AFRAID TOMMY IS GONE TOO--

WAIT-- I HEAR A PLANE COMING IN!



QUICKLY STRIDING OUT OF HIS QUARTERS, HE WALKS RAPIDLY IN THE DIRECTION OF HIS PLANE--



WOW! IS HE MAD!

HE HAS THE LOOK IN HIS EYE OF A MAN WHO'D DO ANYTHING!

INDIAN BLOOD CAN BOIL HOTTER THAN ANY OTHER BLOOD--



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, TOMMY TOMAHAWK IS IN THE AIR WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING--



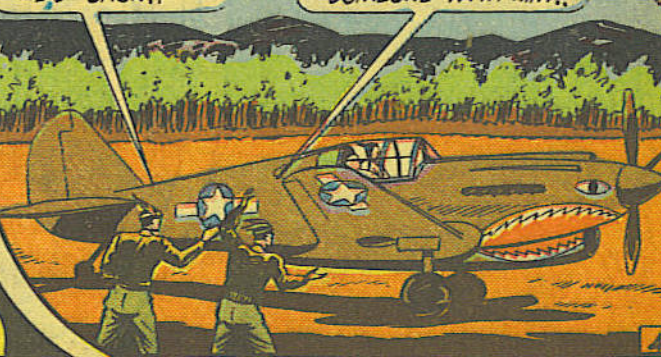
OUR ANCESTORS DID THAT THAT'S-- WHEN THEY WENT ON THE WARPATH! HE HASN'T GOT A CHANCE!



AND IN A FEW MINUTES, A TOMMYHAWK PLANE IS SETTING ITSELF DOWN ON THE GROUND....

IT'S TOMMY!! HE'S BACK!!

LOOK!! HE'S GOT SOMEONE WITH HIM!!



CONTACT COMICS

SECONDS LATER---

HE'S GOT
RED WING!

BUT LOOK AT
TOMMY!!
WAR PAINT!!
BLOOD
ALL OVER HIM!

HE'S ALIVE---
HANDLE HIM
GENTLY... I
JUST GOT TO
HIM IN TIME---

WHAT HAPPENED?...
WHERE WAS HE...?
WHY ALL THE
PAINT...?

WHEN I SAW WHAT THEY
WERE DOING TO HIM--- I
MUST HAVE LOST MY SENSE
OF REASON--- I REVERTED TO
THE TACTICS OF MY ANCESTORS!

"-- I LANDED MY PLANE SEVERAL MILES
AWAY FROM THIS NAZI CAMP-- DISCOVERED
THAT THEY CAME TO HELP OUT THE NIPS--
AND MADE MY WAY ON FOOT TO WHERE
THEY WERE--"

IF THEY'VE HURT
HIM, I'LL--

"-- I PEERED THROUGH THE BUSHES, AND SAW THEM--
NAZIS AND JAPS-- **THEY WERE GOING TO CUT HIS
HEART OUT!** I MUST HAVE LOST MY SANITY ALTOGETHER!
THE BLOOD OF MY ANCESTORS 'WELLED UP IN ME-- I
WADED INTO THOSE BUTCHERS LIKE AN OKLAHOMA TORNADO!

I GUESS I KILLED THEM ALL BEFORE I GOT
RED WING AND CARRIED HIM BACK TO THE
PLANE... I **KNOW** THAT I RAN COMPLETELY
AMUCK, AND BECAME CRAZY WITH RAGE
AT THE THOUGHT OF WHAT THEY WERE
DOING-- I KNOW BECAUSE I HAVE **NINE**
THINGS LAYING THERE IN THE PLANE TO
PROVE IT---

NINE THINGS?
WHAT DO YOU
MEAN...?

LET'S
TAKE A
LOOK!

HUMAN SCALPS!!
YOU **SCALPED**
THOSE GUYS?!?!

GOOD
HEAVENS!

SO WHAT? THIS IS WAR-- ISN'T
IT? THOSE FIENDS GOT WHAT
THEY DESERVED-- FOR ONCE I
FELT GLAD THAT THE PRIMITIVE
CAME OUT IN ME-- IT ENABLED
ME TO BRING MY BEST FRIEND
HOME... ALIVE AND SAFE!!

DON'T MISS TOMMY
TOMAHAWK'S NEWEST
THRILLING, FLYING AD-
VENTURE, IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF
CONTACT COMICS

SOUTH Pacific

Thunderbolt

COL. NEEL E. KEARBY...
TOPS IN THE SOUTHWEST
PACIFIC AIR WAR! HERE'S
AN AIR ACE WHO SHOT
DOWN **SIX** JAP PLANES IN
ONE DAY!!

-IN HIS P-47 THUNDER-
BOLT, A ROARING ROCKET
FROM THE SKY, COL.
KEARBY HAS BECOME
THE JAPANESE
NEMESIS!!

**ONE DAY, NOT SO LONG AGO-AT AN AMERICAN AIRBASE,
SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTHWEST PACIFIC!**

BY **MANNY STALLMAN**

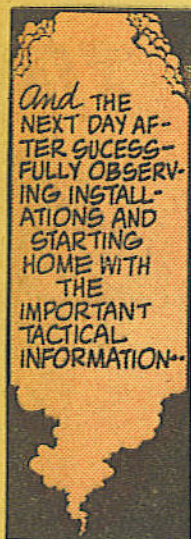
JAPAN HAS FOUR AIRFIELDS ON WEWAK...AND WE
MUST KNOW HOW STRONG HER POSITION IS!!

PARDON, SIR!
I'D LIKE TO
VOLUNTEER TO
RECONNOITER
WEWAK!

EXCELLENT, COL. KEARBY! YOU
MAY LEAD A FLIGHT OF 4
FIGHTER PLANES IN THE MORN-
ING!

THANK YOU,
GENERAL!





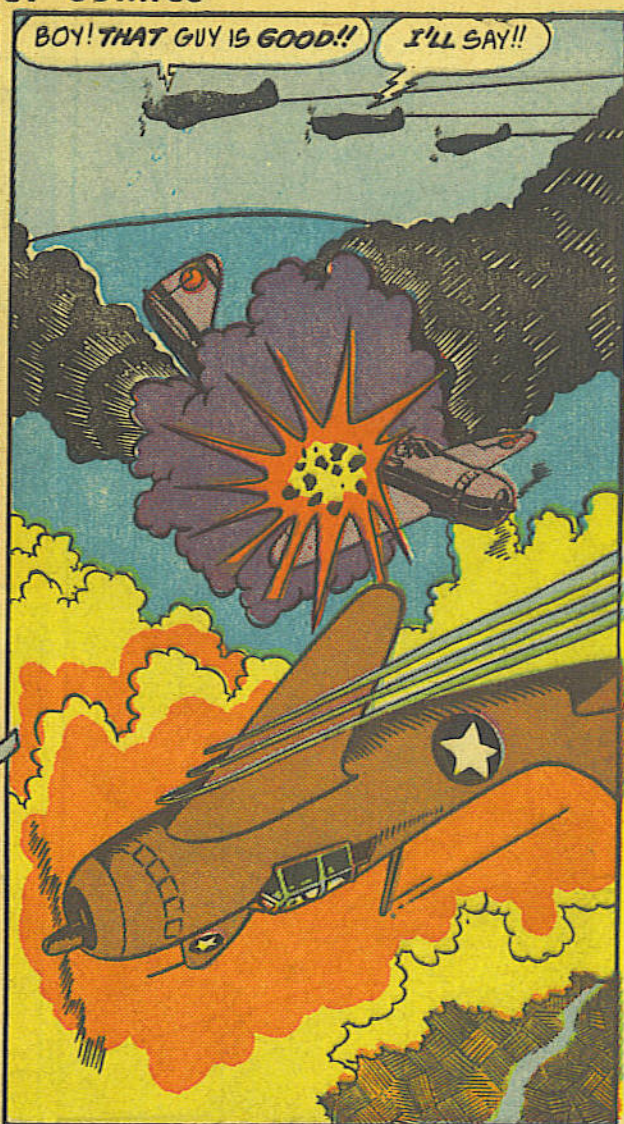
And THE NEXT DAY AFTER SUCCESSFULLY OBSERVING INSTALLATIONS AND STARTING HOME WITH THE IMPORTANT TACTICAL INFORMATION--



KEARBY TO FLIGHT!--I'M GOING DOWN AFTER THAT LONESOME ZERO! WAIT FOR ME!!

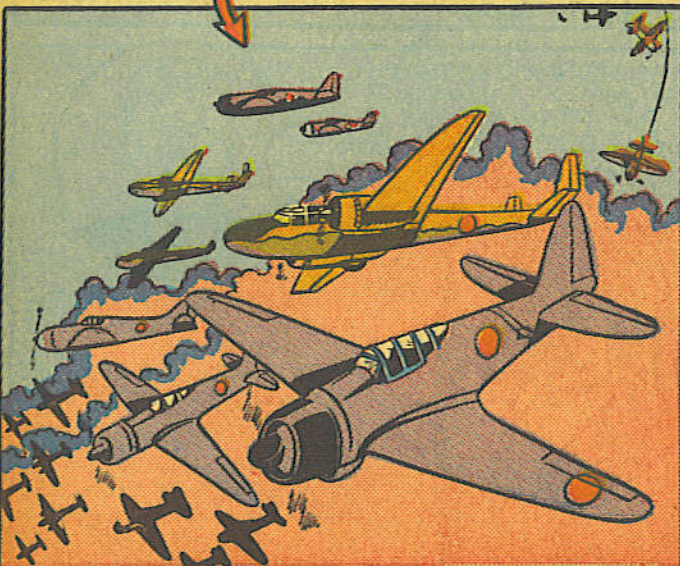


WELL, LOOKIT! 12 BOMBERS AND 36 ZEROS! --- KEARBY TO FLIGHT! JAPS BELOW! 12 TO 1 ODDS! FOLLOW ME IN!



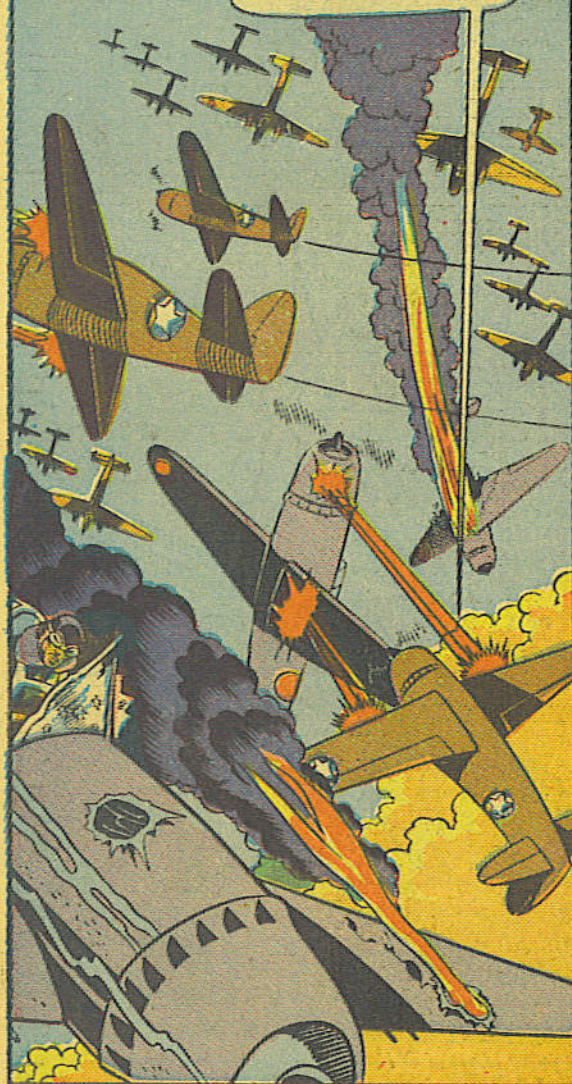
BOY! THAT GUY IS GOOD!!

I'LL SAY!!



MAJOR SAKA TO SQUADRON!! REAR FLIGHT SUSTAIN ATTACK!!

PRaise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition!

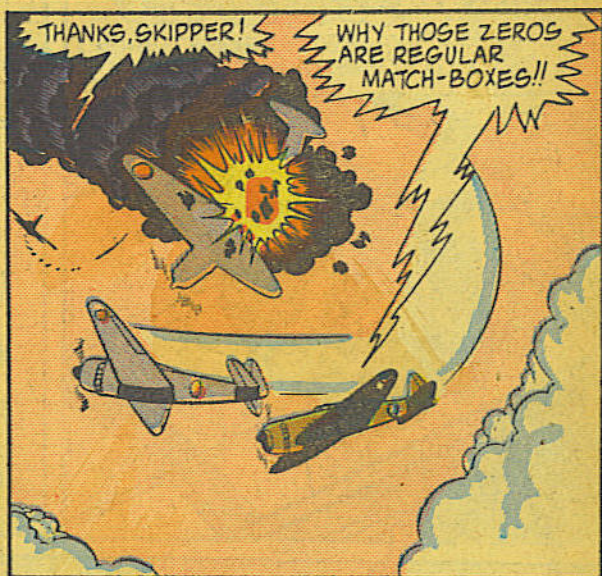


There's one of the boys with two zeros on his tail! I'll get some altitude and help him!

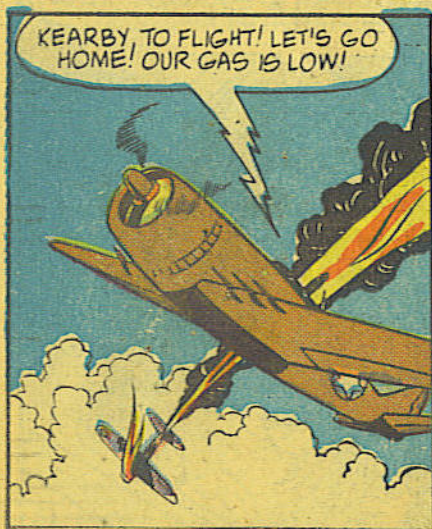


Thanks, Skipper!

Why those zeros are regular match-boxes!!



Kearby, to flight! Let's go home! Our gas is low!



Hey, Skipper!! You got six today! That's a record! Congrats!

Thanks fellows!

